

LYRA VENATICA



J. S. REEVE



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

LYRA VENATICA

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A COLLECTION BY JOHN SHERARD REEVE, LATE 1ST (OR GRENADIER) REGIMENT OF FOOTGUARDS, AND HIS FATHER, COLONEL JOHN REEVE (LATE OF THE SAME REGIMENT), WHO DIED JANUARY 2ND, 1897, AGED 74, AND TO WHOSE MEMORY THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

Yes, let us think of him who's gone!
Of him whose hunting days are done,
And whom the hounds of fate have run
To earth at last.
Above him now the grasses grow,
And round his grave the night winds blow
With biting blast.

LYRA VENATICA

A COLLECTION OF HUNTING SONGS
COMPILED BY JOHN SHERARD REEVE

LONDON :
ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS
187 PICCADILLY, W
1906

PREFACE.

THIS small collection lays claim to no further merit than that, with three or four exceptions, it contains nothing which has been published in such a collection before. I have taken all trouble possible to find out about each song—some of which, however, are very old. Should the above claim prove to be mistaken, or should anything be published herein unadvisedly or incorrectly, I sincerely apologise to those concerned.

At least half were collected by my father, just as they happened to take his fancy, and I thought it was a pity these should remain in oblivion. Should they give as much pleasure to those few whom I think they may interest, as they have to myself, my trouble will be amply repaid. In conclusion, I must thank those who have so willingly assisted me with information, many of whom were kind enough to send me fresh songs, and thus increase this small volume and its interest. More especially am I indebted to Mrs. Chaworth Musters, Isabella Marchioness of Exeter, Colonel Greenhill Gardyne (late Coldstream Guards), Major Longstaffe, Mrs. Cracroft-Annecott, R. V. K. Gooch, Esq., and Mr. Sam Hills.

J. S. R.

Leadenham House, 1906.

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LYRA VENATICA

Hark! in the distance I hear a vien holler,
Now see the bounds streaming across the green grass,
Where is the man who refuses to follow,
Be he riding a hunter or striding an ass?

Then keep his head straight, looking ever before you,
And fly o'er life's fences both hearty and strong;
That they who come after may say that they saw you
In front all the way, in a run straight and long.

And when you draw near the deep brook in the valley,
Just press with your knees and take hold of his head;
The less you will like it the longer you tarry,
We follow inland to the land of the dead.

THE MIDNIGHT FORAY.*

A Lay of Bulby Hall, 1859.

The closing light of winter's day
Had passed from Bulby Woods away ;
The moon, rejoicing in her height,
Rode in the heavens—Queen of Night.

Thus silence all, save where the brook
Its murmuring course in circles took ;
So calm the air, you well might deem
All nature slept in solemn dream.

Outlined against the starry sky
Bulby rose, steeped in mystery ;
The flickering rays from casements shed,
Proclaimed the inmates not in bed.

Aye ! wherefore not ? The midnight oil
Perhaps they waste in studious toil ;
Perhaps, immersed in classic lore,
Over ponderous volumes, deep they pore.

Divines, or Dilettante they ?
Or warred Warriors ? Who can say ?
Or Politicians arguing ? Hist !
They deeply play the game of Whist.

* Reprinted here by kind permission of the Author, the late Mr. John Willis, of Alington Hall, Lincolnshire, who, at his death on May 25th, 1859, was the 'Father' of the Bulby Hunt.

LYRA VENATICA.

Enlivened by the racy joke,
Enveloped in tobacco-smoke ;
Engrossed in cards and bumper-won,
They never heard a midnight gun.

Yes ! 'twas a midnight gun. By some
'Twas said the dread Napoleon's come,
At Boston landed—without doubt,
Soon will be heard his battle-shout.

Perchance even now his Cent-Gardes tall
Surround the moat of Boothby Hall ;
And Litchford,* and his terrier dog,
To France a prisoner off must jog.

Where now's a leader ? Where the man
To be the foremost in the van ?

'The Tutor'† comes in hour of need,
And 'Charity'† with breathless speed.

Up, Colclough ! up ! To arms ! to arms !
Heard you not far and near alarms ?
Forsake your wools, your whist, and wine :
Come quick and capture poachers nine.

Nine poachers bold have crossed the brook,
For Bally Wood their way they took ;
Nine poachers bold with arms in hand,
On pheasant-bent, will make a stand.

* The Squire of Boothby Pagnell.

† The Keepers' names.

† Genl. Colonel John Bower, who at this time was living at Bally Hall, near Bowness.

LYRA VENATICA.

My Tartar true, I'll stand by thee,
But Tartar true, you stand by me;
Summon my trusty servants all,
To help the Squire of Bulby Hall.

Haste, varlets! bid my groom prepare
My dog-cart and the roaring mare;
Come one! come all! this house shall fly
From its broad base as soon as I.

Where is my boy in buttons—where?
Bid him of hunger take his share;
Fly! Butler, helping grooms, and, round!—
The man who tills my garden grounds.

My trusty housekeeper may weep,
And swear she can't a vigil keep;
Be hers no questions more to ask,
But fill, fill high my sherry flask.

Now, comrades all, we take the road,
Tartar and I the dog-cart lead;
You, Uncle Harvey,* Perkins* find,
And do not leave the guns behind.

Think you, my Tartar, this is fun?—
Quick! hand to me my well-primed gun,
These knobbed sticks I hold so dear,
Cut by my hands in the Crimea.

* Sir Robert Harvey, uncle and guardian of Miss Woodhouse of
Bramham Hall; and his keeper.

LYRA VENATICA.

Hold tight! but is the sherry in?
The victory we are sure to win;
As certain as the moon does shine,
We take to-night those poachers nine.

We on the road to Irham go—
And to the well-armed poachers show
That night will sometimes conquer mght :
Let go—but give me first a light!

You, Charity, walk many a road
Along the line of Bulby Wood;
You, Helpers, search both far and near,
Your guerdon—cups of house-brewed beer.

Where are my guests? where Christie?* Young?†
Sneaking the Bulby glades among;
Little they thought when off they went,
The night was nigh three-quarters spent.

They, as they roamed along the lane,
Deeming their foray all in vain,
Espy a form with staggering gait;
Who but a poacher out so late?

A moment's pause—a moment's thought,
Ere the too willing wight they caught;
'Who are you? We can make no words;
Stand and deliver up your birds.'

* Capt. Christie, late 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards.
† Reverend Parkinson Young, of Wilford Rectory.

LYRA VENATICA.

'Nay, don't be going on that gate,
I'm going home a leetle late;
I'm but a gardener, something screwed,
How can you be so very rude?'

'Come, lend a hand and show the way;
I work at Bulby all the day,
I lettuces and taters grow,
And how to please the Colonel know.'

Moral.

Those poachers mine! ah! where are they?
Scared—mizzled—and dissolved away;
No heads are broke—no blood is shed,
And Bulby's inmates are in bed.

And should they ever come again,
Let not the cry to arms be vain;
Let them not think we play the fool
With 'mickle cry and little wool.'

THE RACE FOR THE COPLOW, 1861.*

Plough versus Grass.

For ages, no matter to question how long,
Well known is the fame of the Coplow in song :
From the day when its praises were chanted by
Lowth,
Till to-day when its fame is in every one's mouth.

From the day when 'twas pleasant to see how the
Squire
Did horses and hounds from its fastnesses tire :
To the days when its hillside so merrily rang,
With the cheer of Sir Richard,† and Truman's true
tongue.

Full many a skurry and usury a run,
Have proved that its fame has been honestly won,
And worthy art thou, Willaston Coplow,‡ to claim,
In the annals of Croxton an evergreen name.

* Reprinted here by kind permission of the Author, Mr. John Welby.

† Sir R. Sutton, Bart.

‡ The race at Croxton Park is named after this famous landmark and
derives its name from the Quorn country.

LYRA VENATICA.

Thy glories were great when upon the greenward,
It puzzled the judge to bestow the award;
When Landon and Willim and White and the Squire
Represented the riders of many a shire.

Aye! those were the halcyon days, when a host
Of fine slapping hunters were brought to the post;
When Waterford, Coke, and a legion beside,
One better than common were eager to ride.

But after, alas! came a cloud o'er the scene,
The Race for the Coplow a shadow has been;
Till to-day like a Phoenix, as every one knows,
From its ashes with vigour enlivened it rose.

From its ashes it rose, for the question is now,
Which steed is the stoutest? From Gras or from
Plough?

Can we hope on the winner our guesses to fix?
From the Belvoir come three, from Melton come six.

Four thoroughbreds swell the amount of the field,
But they, as is fair, to weight extra must yield;
We want not the Plasters, the thoroughbred weed;
We want for a winner, a hunter indeed.

'Tis whispered since there is but little to do,
Till the saddling-bell rings, let us pass in review
The high-mettled racers, and cunningly scan
Of the jockeys who seems the most promising man?

LYRA VENATICA.

We trust we don't own to of favour a particle,
If we take the first glance at the famous 'Landing
Article':*

The Ring 'to stand in' seems most anxious and glad,
For the Earth is the rider, the owner 'the Lad':†

Whoever the crooked-legged creature can own?
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone,
Perhaps of the lot it may turn out a leaver,
And like many gay ones, prove most a 'deceiver':§

His rider when mounted seems in the right place,
Nor looks unaccustomed to tackle a race;
Him follows the 'Sultan' in velvety trim,
Though snifter there's less of real business in him.

'Spiteful Dick' in the calendar often we read,
To-day he'll be forward, his rider is Ede,¶
But 'Newstead,' 'the Wonder,' and thoroughbred
grey,
Will scarcely their owners the journey repay.

We next see the 'Martyr,' ** and mounted by one
Who the Liverpool Chase upon 'Anatis' won:
A martyr to training he'll run very game,
And run in the rear, for the 'Martyr' is lame.

* Brought to win the race. † Lord Wilton.

‡ Col. Henry T. Fowler, late 1st or Grenadier Regt. of Foot Guards.

§ The run-horse of Honsthorpe: P. Morgan.

¶ Mr. Paynter's

¶ The late Mr. George Ede, of Hanapthine, a very fine rider.

** Captain Bradley's, ridden by Mr. Thomas.

LYRA VENATICA.

The course on the far side being up to the locks,
Will settle the chances of Sidebottom's 'Fox ;'
And Craven* will have but to pay for his whistle,
And view Mr. Wood in distress on his 'Thistle.'

Ah ! who have we here in the amber and blue,
A chip of a gallant old block it is true :
But where are the breeches of azure so neat,
Where ? where are the governor's figure and sent ?

'Tis a Banks,† and none else but a Banks I'll be
bound,
Determined his 'Peg Top' to hurry all round,
We never forget how his Pa did the trick,
By beating the Queen and my Lady,‡ on 'Dick.'

The last, not the least of the heroes I name,
By Barker,§ a chestnut is led on the scene ;
High-mettled and handsome, with plenty of bone,
He looks as he walks that the day is his own.

Who rides ? It is 'Josy' with satisfied air,
Says he, as he mounts, to the others, ' Beware !
You may laugh as you please, but me you'll believe,
When a whinny I land for the Grenadier Reeve.'

* Mr. William Craven, late of the Duke of York's ; &c. Lady Mary York.

† Mr. W. Wright, June son of Rev. Banks Wright, of Shilton, near Newark.

‡ Belonging to a race with the Queen, and the Countess of Stamford.

§ Stud-groom to Colonel Rivers.

† Captain Little.

LYRA VENATICA

You may laugh at our 'Haycock,' but what's in a name?

Our Hay from the stable of Percival* comes,
And many's the day he has dashed thro' the daugh,
Of Ashbury Wood and its neighbouring Poughs.

The bell has been rung, they are marshalled to start,
And pit-a-pit pulsates each feminine heart;
The question to cause the dear fair ones alarm,
Shall the Queen or the Belvoir to-day bear the palm?

They're off! What a phœnix of well-ribbed horse,
Like a ramphos they glisten all over the course;
The Captain with Wilton appear in the van,
Ere half of the distance the horses have run.

Together they honestly run stride for stride,
Of Belvoir and Melton the boast and the pride;
For nearly a mile is the lengthening tail,
The soft ones are beat, and the thoroughbreds fail.

No longer the far-famed 'Article' leads,
He struggles most gamely, but hustling needs;
Humph for the chestnut! he puts forth his strength,
And is landed a winner by more than a length.

* The forester of Wansford, Northamptonshire.

LYRA VENATICA.

'The Coplow is over, the stoutest has won,
The Earl has been beaten, 'The Lad' has been done;
Right loud are the cheers which resound you'll allow,
For the Leicestershire Cucks have been beat by the
Plough.

'Three cheer, for the Colonel, who brought to the post
The heavy-weight chestnut despised by most,
To his health a full magnum of claret we'll drain,
And hope he may win with the 'Haycock' again.

'And he did!'—on March 16th, 1866.

EPITAPH AT LEADENHAM.

DIED MARCH, 1874, AGED 20,

A HUNTER,

THE PROPERTY OF LIEUT. COL. JOHN REEVE,
LATE GRENADIER GUARDS.

As Greece of old did laurel bring,
To wreath the victors of her ring,
So we this spot in memory crown,
To one a veteran of renown :
For he who 'neath this greenward lies
Won the famed Hillesdon Coplow prize,
Twice o'er the course he sped amain,
And twice the winner's prize did gain,
Alike in race, alike in field—
The first to run, the last to yield—
For fourteen years his master's pride,
The noble horse unluckily died.
Would ye his name who here is laid
To rest beneath this oak-tree's shade ?
Then, as ye went the haycock's perfum'd breath,
Mourn ye the 'Havock' laid below in death.

By Blanche Duxpas.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FOX-HUNTING.

In *Carth. a. Restaur.*, Bishop Foliot's edition, p. 211 (about 1220) in the account of Edward it is recorded that in the following charter Edward the Confessor granted the hundred of Huntingdon, Duxby's to Randolph Peperking when the Normans call Peperell. But it is remarked that, by other manuscript, some words are made smoother than they were in the original. The authority for the division of the hundred of Huntingdon is Edward the Confessor, Edward the Martyr being Edward I before the conquest in the custody of the treasurer and chamberlain of the Exchequer. It therefore belongs to about A.D. 1000. It is very interesting for the enumeration of the game then existing in that part of England, and its mention of dogs used in hunting hares, foxes, and wild cats. It shows clearly that fox-hunting, in particular, is, in this country, most ancient.

* *Item Edward Rower*

Have given of my forest the keeping,
Of the hundred of Chelmer and Dunning,
To Randolph Peperking and to his kindling
With hounds and hinde, doe and bucke,
Hare and foxe, cat and brocke,
Wild fowell with his flocke,
Partrich, fowant hem, and fowant cock
With green and wild shols and shuck
To kepen and to yeven by all her might,
Both by day and eke by night

LYRA VENATICA.

& Hounds for to holde,
Good and swift and bolde:
Fower greyhounds and six raches,
For hare and fox, and wild catbes:
& therefore ich made him my booke.

Witness the Bishop Wulston,
And booke-ylered many on,
And Swayne of Essex our Brother
And taken him many other,
And our Steward Howelin,
That bysought me for him."

THE SONG OF THE GUNNER.

Oh, sweet is the charm of a good match at cricket,
The bright summer sun shining down from on high,
And sweet is the time when you walk to the wicket
Determined to conquer, to do, or to die.

Oh, sweet is the bowler who sends up half-volleys
To leg or to off as the case it may be,
When, out hits the cork from his home 'neath the
holly,

That moment is sweeter, far sweeter to me.

Oh, sweet is the chance when the west wind blows
steady
To stroll by the stream where the current runs
strong,

To search out each corner, each nook, and each eddy,
With deftly thrown cast, as you wander along ;
Sweet, too, is the time when with toil and with trouble
You lure the big trout from his hold by the tree,
When up whirs the bird from the golden wheat
stubble,

That moment is sweeter, far sweeter to me.

LYRA VENATICA.

Oh, sweet is the note of a hound in the morning,
And sweet is the hollow that rings on the bough,
And sweet to the ear is the horn's mellus warning
When bare are the woodlands and leafless the trees,
'Tis sweet to get first to the brook and swing over,
With hounds on in front and your horse going free;
When the pheasant comes rocketing over from the
covert,
That moment is sweeter, far sweeter to me.

MAJOR CECIL GOODRICH,
3rd Highlanders.

THE ANSWER TO "THE SONG OF THE GUNNER."

Dear Sir, if your verse it were captions to card,
It cheers the tame sportsman and tempts the mounte;
But, then, my, you will have a bit further to travel
If you wish for a sliver in sum of your views,
The woodcock and pheasant, the snipe and the
partridge,
Are excellent sources of joy, I admit,
And not least when, on shooting your thirtieth
cartridge,
You pensively lug the first bush you have hit
But when you're upholding the gun and the rifle
As taking first place in th' arena of sport,
If my wife's in the room, it compels me to stifle
Such curses as cannot find vent in a snort.
Oh, Sir, you have slighted, of all the most grand,
The sport of the kingly, as Juno's has told,
The hinge of war, with no guilt for the pious,
And but twenty per cent. of the risk for the bold.

LYRA VENATICA.

You may search all the annals of shooting right over,
And collect the best names that are famed with the
gun,

And then you'll admit it is not in the owest,
Nor yet on the moor, the best laurels are won

But it is not the laurels alone I am praising
That are gained by the crafty, the keen, and the
bold;

It's more the excitement, ecstatic, half-crazed,
Inspired by the chase, that I seek to uphold.

"Tis true the effusion of blood is much larger
In shooting than e'er can be got by the chase,
But we cannot all shoot with a buck Mahomed,
Or slaughter with Millbank our thousand odd hares.

If we could, we contend that such surfeits of killing
Are a simple imposture, an absolute 'hum,'
As compared with the moment, so brief and so
thrilling,

When a gallant grey fox is about to succumb,

After forty-five minutes, when Reynard is sinking,
And hounds get their buckles up racing to kill,
When you must curse your horse, yet must keep
without shrinking,

I say, that's the best sport, and maintain it I will

Major C. G. Gorrie,
2nd Highlanders.

THE FOX-HUNTING HUSBAND.

Some men will complain of their unkind wives,
And bitterly rail their sad fate:
Why should women conceal the deplorable lives
They lead with a fox-hunting mate?
A young country Squire requested my hand
Whose joy 'twas to ride by my side,
So domestic a prospect what girl could withstand?
I became truly willing his bride.

The Honeymoon scarcely her soft bays withdrew,
When my loved tête-à-tête I must yield,
For Autumn arrived, and my rivals I knew
In the *birds* and the *hounds* of the field.
Each day I must roam alone in the grounds
And converse with my husband no more,
For away he went galloping after the hounds
And returned in the evening to snore.

My sister who came from the Continent ill,
I wished to drive over and see,
But ask for the carriage whenever I will,
The horses are never for me.

LYRA VENATICA.

* Any day you can go to your sister, my sweet ;
Now the groom must attend my sick mare ;
The coachman my hawker must take to the meet :
Inconsiderate women all are ! *

My mother invited the bridegroom and bride ;
I gladly the summons obeyed,
But the bounds were to meet the opposite side,
And our visit, alas ! is delayed.
* Indeed, but you must not be selfish, my dear,
I must try my new purchased grey :
For your mother there's no kind of hurry, 'tis clear,
We can go there, you know, any day.

When friends come to stay at our house or to dine,
I may say again I'm alone ;
They talk of their feuds, 'tis no business of mine,
Of their ditches or fences of stone—
Of that capital horse and how splendid that leap,
Of the brooks and the state of the ground ;
Oh, would that I could, like my guests, fall asleep
I am sick of a fox and a hound.

I hoped in the season, when fox-hunting ends,
A few weeks in London to be,
Where once more I could meet my juvenile friends,
And from foxes and sportsmen be free :
But horses and grooms, and expense of the chase,
Prove hopes such as these to be vain,
My spouse wished summer would move merrily past,
And sighs for the autumn again.

LYRA VENATICA.

Now, husbands and wives, you a moral will find:
Don't ride your own hobbies too hard,
Lest love cannot follow, and, lagging behind,
He be lost and your happiness marred.
Hunt, dance, sing and ride, as your tastes it may suit,
For air and for exercise room,
But indulge only freely in this one pursuit,
To please one another at home.

HUNTING SONG.

To Bachelors' Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the sport which unites our delight.
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock :
Did you see us, you'd swear that we went with such
grace,
That Diana had dubbed some new gods of the chase.

Cheers—

Hark away ! Hark away ! all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Nick Thisset came mounted upon a true black,
A better fleet gelding never hunter did bark ;
Tom Trigg rode a bay, full of metal and bone,
And gallant Bob Buxom rode proud on a ram ;
But the horse of all horses that rivalled the day,
Was the Squire's "Nark or Nothing," and that was
a grey.

Cheers—

Hark away ! Hark away ! while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of our next hunting day.

LYRA VENATICA.

Then for hounds there was 'Nimble,' so well that
climbs rocks,
And 'Cocknose' a good one at scentsing a fox;
Little 'Plunge,' like a mole, who would feather and
search,
And beetle-brow'd 'Hawk's Eye,' so dead at a hunch;
Young 'Trimbush,' that scents the strong breeze from
the south,
And a musical echo all from his deep mouth.

Chorus—Hark away! etc.

Our horses, these all are the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud,
And for hounds, an opinion with thousands we'll back
That all England throughbent can't produce such a
pack;
Thus having described you dogs, horses and men,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Chorus—Hark away! etc.

Sly Reynard's brought home, and the horn sounds
the call,
And now we're all welcome to Bachelors' Hall;
The savoury salmon graceful smokes on the board,
And Bawlfus pours wine from his favourite hump,
Come on then, do honour to this jocund plow,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the
chase.

Chorus—Hark away! etc.

REALLY BELL! THE SALE AT BELHUS.

Really Bell! the sale at *Belhus** is enough to make one think,
And the fact that mares are scarcer is a fact that none can blink.

When the catalogue was sent me—thank you, Messrs. Tattersall—
There were twenty-seven hunters, and the mares but
ten in all.

Many an evening in my den, sir, smoking ere I go
to bed,
Have I wondered what will happen when good steeds
no more are bred.

Many an evening have I wondered, smoking oft till
rather late,
When we've neither backs or hunters, what will be
the country's state?

* *Belhus*, in Essex, where Sir Thomas Bennett Leonard, Bart., had an annual sale of hunters.

LYRA VENATICA.

Then I dipt into the future, really not so very far,
And I saw the awful muddle when the country went
to war.

See the country dismounted, sir, 'midst other shocking
scenes,

Lawns match to embankment, horseless as the horse
marines.

Some fine day there'll be no hunting, 'cause there
won't be any steeds,

Some fine day there'll be in England only earth-houses
and weeds.

Some fine day there'll be no coaches, carts, or horses
small or big,

Some fine day a crowd will follow staring at the only
gig.

Where are those weight-carrying mares, sir; which
we knew not long ago,

Wide in hips, good loins and quarters, strong above
and sound below?

Those the mares with whiplash tendons, iron joints,
and tough, sound feet,

Not the weaks scarce fit to carry the stone ten down
half a street.

Not the weaks on upright postures, light of bone
and slack of loin,

Which would never tempt Sir Thomas to produce his
smallest coin.

LYRA VENATICA.

They are gone, sir, they are going, some to Prussia,
some to France,
Some to Austria, some Australia, some to buy the
Russian lance.

All the fairs are thronged with Frenchmen, all the
markets overflow
With the very wily Prussians, who a good man's
value know.

And it must be, we shall lower in our standard day
by day,
Till dragons are "up" on usvers, or on needs that
cannot stay.

Aye, it shall be, we shall lose them, they are going
day by day;
When their stock should just be working, where shall
we be then, I pray?

What will be the price of hounds? too well founded
all my fears;
They will be more scarce than rubies in another
dozen years.

Harborough, Melton, Rugby settled, Leamington with-
out a horse;
And a crop of turnips growing on the site of Bishop's
Gorse.

Toynbee, Rice, and Newman vanished, not a hunder
in their grounds,
Since Lord Dudley bought the last one for a dozen
thousand pounds.

LYRA VENATICA.

Howsoever these things be, we must on the Commons call:

And, if they will not protect us, soon there'll be no mags at all.

Comes a long and weary sighing from my pipe's nigh empty bowl,

I shan't sit here any longer scribbling till the midnight toll.

See to it, ye 'Faithful Commons,' for the fact can not be blinked,

If we keep no mares to breed from, horses soon will be extinct.

Would we horses have to bear us, in a burst from Kineton Holt,

We must keep the mares to breed from, that is plain to any dolt.

And to lose our finest horses with the nation plays the Bear;

Then impose, and pretty quickly, export duty on the mare.

HARRY L.

THE MORNING IS BREAKING, THE FOG CLEARS AWAY.

The morning is breaking, the fog clears away,
The wind is blowing soft, it's a fine hunting day :
Capped, booted, and spurred, and the breakfast well over,
Your grooms lead you covert back up to the chase ;
In health and in spirits you mount on his back,
And canter away to some favourite pack.

Arrived at the meet, friendly greetings are there,
Just praising that horse, and admiring that mare,
Discussed are the merits of jagskin and bit,
Pocket pistols are primed and huntinghals are lit,
Till the Master's glad sound says it's time to begin,
When it's "yoie into covert, lie over, 'los in."

Now down with signs, take a pull at your girth,
We are sure of a find if there's no open earth,
"Hold hard there, you youngster, keep out of that side,
When hounds are in covert your place is inside!"
All is silent as death, save the covert resounds
With the crack of a whip or a cheer to the hounds.

LYRA VENATICA.

'Come in there, have at him ; hie, wind him, good hawks !'
Are sounds very fatal to hawks and paws.
'Hark to Monarch, your Bounty, stick to him !' is the
cry.
'Vive Tell-tale, hark Drummer, have at him old boy !'
Be steady ; it's right, lads, as sure as you're born !
'Tally-ho, then, I tell you, there goes the horn !'

A dog-fox is trying his hardest to find
A place to be safe from the pack that's behind.
With their heads in the air and their stems drooping
down.

At a pace that will soon do the cocktails all brown,
No bullfinch can frightened, no timber appal.
We heed not a danger nor care for a fall,
Our pace is terrible, and burning the seat.
The pack chase their marks by common consent,
Except you and then a challenge is heard,
The leading hound streaming away like a bird,
The tailing is awful, as you may expect,
And the pumping and paring the field gets wider.

A good fifty minutes, but yet he is not done,
Pinks call for their second to finish this run ;
Poor Reynard just now he has nothing to bring on,
His brush has got drugged and put him the drag
on ;
He tries all he knows, but they run him in view,
And he dies in the open, as good 'uns should do.

LYRA VEXATICA.

The huntsman is riding away like a Turk,
He is off and amongst them, the whip is at work ;
He has lifted poor Charlie above his head high,
And when a hoop and the laying of bounds meet the
sky ;

The trophy as bell-pull is kept to preserve,
And the bounds eat the fox they so richly deserve.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Cour, ride, my boy, to yonder bank,
But moderate your pace,
There was a time—but now, alas !
I'm not inclined to race,
And Uncle Sam is just like me,
By far too old and slow
To go as he and I have gone
Since twenty years ago !

And let us wait till "Music" comes,
The poor old hound is blind,
In olden days she was not used
To tail so much behind ;
But, sit you down here on the hill,
Where green sweetbriars grow,
And listen to a hunt we had
Full twenty years ago.

* * * *

You see the valley by the mill,
Through which the winding brook
Flows, sparkling in the evening sun,
By many a willowed nook.

LYRA VENATICA

There, upon a cloudy morn,
The hounds were down below—
Down in the valley by the mill,
And twenty years ago.

And I was riding 'Uncle Sam,'
I bought the day before—
A better horse was never crossed
To race with bounds at score.
There were a hundred at the meet,
And some you used to know,
Bold horsemen of the bygone time
Of twenty years ago.

And there, upon the iron-grey
Who tossed his head with pride,
Your mother rode, and held the lead
Of half the country's side.
Ah! how she shrank her glossy curbs,
Her eyes and cheeks aglow,
Full of the unforgotten love
Of twenty years ago.

Ah! you may smile! white locks, indeed,
Now crown her wrinkled face,
Where I can see old beauties still
That you can never trace.
When you are old you'll feel like me,
With youth 'tis always so!
Firm unbelievers in the race
Of twenty years ago.

LYRA VENATICA.

Just near the gorse behind the mill

‘Music’ first owned the scent,

And then away the streaming pack

Like bursting waters went.

We crossed the mill-stream near the ford,

The waters then were low,

But I disdained to wet a hoof

In twenty years ago.

For five good miles, without a check,

We followed ; and so fast

That all the field declared the pace

Was far too good to last.

But here a flock of frightened sheep,

All gathered in a row,

Gave time to join the heads and tails

Of twenty years ago.

Beneath the bank upon the hill,

Beyond the old stone wall,

At length we viewed him steal away,

And followed one and all.

And ‘Uncle Sam’ was not the last

When burst the tally-ho !

Nor did I shark the rasper there

Some twenty years ago.

Along that stretch of meadow-land

The pace began to tell ;

A dozen balked the double fence,

And over there two fell.

LYRA VENATICA.

'They said our broke his collar-bone,

I'm sure I do not know,

The pace precluded questioning

In twenty years ago.

You see where yonder patch of fir

Is dotted on the plain;

There just a moment checked the pack,

And joined us all again.

But there were only ten of us,

The field was getting low;

But all the ten were foremost men

Of twenty years ago.

They all hit off abegast the heath;

The fox was seen to creep

Slow up the further river-bank,

The stream was broad and deep;

And one was over, one was in,

I shook the bridle so,

And gave the spur to 'Uncle Sam'

Full twenty years ago.

He flew the leap from bank to bank,

And landed safe and sound;

Behind was grief, for two refused

And three were on the ground.

And one was swimming in the stream

Where swift the waters flow,

Christening his scarlet in the brook

All twenty years ago.

LYRA VENATICA.

But still the fox was going well,
The hounds began to tail,
And only five of all the pack
Kept on through Thersley Vale;
And at the timber, which the sun
Is tinging there with red,
The huntsman's horse, in trying to fly,
Came over on his head.
And for the borders of the wood,
With panting breath and slow,
Were only three to follow on
In twenty years ago.

In view at last—but eager now
Some open earth to find,
The fox had turned him towards the mill
With but two hounds behind.
And 'Muss' there was still the first,
She always would be so,
You'd hardly think it now, but then
'Twas twenty years ago.

Back to the mill stream and the vale,
'Music,' 'Gay Lass,' and I,
Followed the fox, who struggled on
To his old haunts—to die.
He never again will cross the bank,
His course is done I know,
That hound could over the fastest fox
In twenty years ago.

LYRA VENATICA.

Whoo-ahump! in yonder grassy dell,
 Oh, what a scene was past!
There 'Music' rolled him on the grass,
 He fought so game at last.
But she would never quit her hold
 While she had life or breath,
And held him with the good old grip
 That only parts in death.
There she, and I, and 'Uncle Sam,'
 Were by ourselves below,
Down in the valley by the mill
 Full twenty years ago.

All by ourselves, for 'Gay Lass' fell
 Just at the brooklet side,
And, by the rocks that bound it in,
 Without a whimper, died.
You know the streamfull near the mill,
 Where rippling water showers
Its spray upon the velvet turf,
 All carpeted with flowers,
And on the bank a sturdy oak,
 Near which the roses grow,
Just as they used i . olden time
 In twenty years ago.

There 'Gay Lass' lies, beneath the tree,
 Whose bark is carved to tell
The story of the good old bound
 That raced so long and well.

LYRA VENATICA.

Perhaps, indeed, more sacred soil,
Called consecrated ground,
May be the resting-place of man,
Though not of horse or hound ;
But as for me I'd wish to sleep
There, where the waters flow,
With memory of the place and friends
Of twenty years ago.

* * * *

Hoick ! " Musir," hoick ! we must be off !
We're both too old to stay,
For you are blind and almost deaf,
And I am bent and grey ;
But give the horn a blast, my boy,
And let the breezes blow
Once more around the hills the moly
Of twenty years ago.

G. C. P.

LINES TO BE INSCRIBED
BY MRS. CHAWORTH MUSTERS ON A
PAPER-KNIFE.

A paper-knife, I may indeed
Be likened to a well-honed steel ;
As hunter which can speed apace
With hounds or through a steepchase,
So, handled skilfully, can I
Through quarto or octavo fly ;
My blade how gladly I extend
Through pages by a Melville penned,
Alike my keenness it excites
To follow when a Muster writes,
How pleasant through her verse to glide,
And gallop with her side by side.

Sent to Mrs. Chaworth Musters by Mr. Egerton Washington, when
she sent him her song-book.

LOVELY HUNTING WEATHER, WITH A SOUTH-EASTERN BREEZE.

To the tune of "Eric Rowan Song."

Lossy hunting weather, with a South-Eastern breeze,
Sun on the greenward, drip off the trees;
'Joseph' and 'Clark' together, shot at what pace
you please.

Darkening on the hillsides, Melton Spinney lies
With the brook below it, 'neath the dappled skies;
"Stand, stand, together!" vainly the huntsman cries.

Mark' was that a halloo? Nobody seems to care. Each one merrily rushing, be it here or there: Start, start together; most of the brank besotted.

Over or through, what matter? Piled it or jump it clear;
Now, all the Talent thronging, straight for the Old Hills steer;
Rare, rare together, "Joseph" and "Jack" are here.

▪ Michael Freude: Einheit Stand

1 The late Henry J. Hartshorn & Brothers, Ltd., Liverpool. It entered the
1911, at the Niger Expedition, February 1912, the estate of John J. Hartshorn
Hartshorn, of Ancoats Park, Salford.

LYRA VENATICA.

Grantham and Melton sportsmen, Leicester and Lincoln
vie,

Watching each other's riding, each with a jealous eye;
Speed, speed together, over the binders fly.

'Joseph' and 'Jack' competing, galloping all they
know,

Foxhounds like these to follow, who can be sick or
slow?

And we'll ride, ride together, wherever a man may go.

December, 1892.

L. C. M.

HUNTING MADE EASY.

*On Sir Watkin Wyn's New Railway Carriage
for Hunting.*

Ix days long ago men their hunters hasten'd
And at dawn with the park to the covert-side rode,
Their morning fox kill'd ere the clock has struck ten,
Stout foxes were they—may we find such again!
After that when they lay somewhat later in bed,
Down the road in mail boats at a canter they sped
But why to old modes of conveyance bark bark,
When this Jubilee year starts a new covert buck:
One that puffs, and although as a whistler well known
In whose movement no want of condition is shown,
Though he feed not on beans, nor on oats, nor on hay,
Many go-downs of water he needs by the way,
One thousand pounds only the price of this steed,
Will not hunting henceforth be made easy indeed?
Now comforts unknown to past Sportsmen abounds
For the Master, the huntsman, the horse, and the hound.
Now the cook will at once a hot breakfast provide,
And your tea be poured out while to covert you glide,
Since no horn need the Huntsman apply to his lips,
He may vary the ride by a snape with his Whips.

LYRA VENATICA.

Should any one study still further his ease,
He a hunter may make of this book if he please;
Should he wish to preserve the new scatlet unstained,
He may sit through the day to his newspaper clammed;
Or for further excitement may partners enlist,
And prolong the day's "Sport" by a rubber of whist,
Leaving men to first class will of course be preferred,
The slow ones may follow behind in a third.
A piano, no doubt, in the ladies' saloon,
Will resound with sweet song to a tally-ho tune,
To some their arm-chair will a side-saddle seem,
A stirrup their footstool, a gallop their dream
Of this room who can paint the adornment inside?
Rich borders of lace upon buffalo hide!
Photographed panels, gilt mirrors outspread,
Which the features reflect of fair riders in red,
Still perils there are as we all must allow,
Such as ne'er in the chase were encountered till now,
In the field off the line simply ends in a check,
By off the line here is meant breaking your neck.
Should a man be thrown out, little hope is there then
That however he may strive he will catch 'em again;
Sad indeed should this hunt in a burst be blown up,
Though all in at the death, none to hallo who whomp.

1887.

R. ECKEROW WARBURTON,

Aged 84.

THE SEASON IS OVER. NO MORE SHALL WE HEAR.

The season is over, no more shall we hear
The music of hounds or the huntsman's glad cheer;
No more on the wings of the breeze shall be borne
The crack of the whip or the sound of the horn;
Sir Reynard may now take his fencing-powd
In search of a rabbit, a duck, or a fowl,
Or prompted by love be any number about,
Without the least danger of being stopped out.
The kennels how altered! the flesh-pot is odd,
The octopus, tho' clean, is by no means so odd
As that on which daily the pack has been mess'd;
It is finer, yet cheaper, and has not been pressed
When made into paste (but perhaps I may wrong it),
I fancied I saw some "mashed babies" among it.
Coats, caps, whips, and spurs are put carefully by,
The saddles are covered and hung in the dry;
And fearful that stirrups and bits should get spoiled,
They're first nicely cleaned up and properly oiled.
There a draft from the stud, all the house and the odd,
With a few (just as "thives") are sent to be sold:

LYRA VENATICA.

The rest in 'lawn houses' over ticklocks in clay,
Are fed upon rats (that are 'kibbled') and hay.
As the weather gets warmer, I haven't a doubt,
They'll be most of them 'blistered,' or fired and turned
out.

There's a strong smell of whitewash around and about,
They are clearing the ticks and the cobwebs all out;
The committee are here—it's surprising to see,
Now hunting is over, how stingy they be.
All is turned into money—the hounds and the young,
The hounds have been 'weeded,' some sold and some
hung;
And the management know what each item is looked at,
Economy now is the only thing looked at,
They've been holding to-day what the Blacks call a
‘talk.’

About where they shall send out their puppies to 'walk';
And letters are written beginning with 'Dear
Mr. Burrows, we've sent you a foxhound to run?'
Who is told by the Whip 'tis a favour to get him,
And is begged not to feed him too fat, nor to pet
him;

That the bitch (to the grief of the Hunt) is a dead 'un,
His sire such a good and a capital hound one;
The huntsman felt anxious to have the pup near him,
Nor could think of a person so likely to run him.
It was out of old 'Bountiful,' gotten by 'Charister,'
Quiet at nights, and they've christened him 'Forester';
And by way of just gently watering his back,
Said the last one he runed was the pride of the pack.

LYRA VENATICA.

And I feel pretty certain and greatly afraid,
There is nowhere such tricks upon travellers played
As with us; and the readers may think we abuses 'em—
Be that as it may farmers never refuses them,
And mark me, 'tis only with mealy-mouthed voices,
For about us are living good fellows by droves
Who have no hesitation in spending their pounds
Towards hunting expenses and keeping of hounds,
To such good preservers of foxes long life,
A home blessed with plenty, a good-tempered wife;
Every rag that can carry him twice in a week,
For I loves a good fellow and hates a d——d sneak;
I'm glad I have written, I'd quite set my heart on it—
But to speak honest truth, I didn't do the first part
of it;
I found it one day without any name to it,
So I, like a scamp, have thus dared to lay claim to it.

SLEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.

Come, listen to my story,
Hark to old Truthful's lay,
I sing of bygone glory,
Of good times past away—
When Richard Lust was Master*
Gaily we hunted then,
No pack in the world went faster,
I'll ne'er see his like again.

REFRAIN—

Sleeping in the sunshine,
Out by the kennel door,
I dream of his cheery halloo
And the horn I shall hear no more.

Full well do I remember
When first I joined the pack,
That Tuesday in November :
The Master, on his hack,
Sitting and giving greeting
Gaily to all around,
Yet ever his eye was fleeting
To glance at some favourite hound.

Sleeping in the sunshine, etc.

* Of old N., Warwickshire recovered Sir. Oswald Miler there, 1606.

LYRA VENATICA.

Punctual to the minute,

Ne'er did he miss a meet,
Body and soul were in it—

Horseman from head to foot,
Full well he knew each covert,
Keenly he watched each run,
And when the day was over
Knew what each hound had done.

Sleeping in the sunshine, etc.

Many a year he ruled us,

Now we are left forlorn,
Hushed is the voice that whistled us,

Mute is the much-loved horn.
Another season's near us—
Look at the falling leaf,
But his hollow no more shall cheer us,
For gone is our kindly chief.

Sleeping in the sunshine, etc.

MEMBERS OF THE BELVOIR HUNT IN 1842.

In this edition first some employment I want,
So I will scribble and send you a juggling chit
Of some who with bounds can go gallantly well,
And of others who never can hope to crawl.

There's Whitchote and Alford,* and tall Neville Paine,
Those who ride up to these men need never complain
That they get a bad start or make a wrong turn:
Such are slow men's exercises which fast ones should
spurn.

Dundas† I should mention as one of the number
In front—tho' no feather, he carries no lumber
Save a coarse bunch of hair close under his nose,
For which he's no need 'unattached,' I suppose.

The Turners—both Cecil and Basye‡ will be there—
If not quite the first, still not in the rear;
Nor will Calvert§ who, tho' unencumbered by fat,
Might rather, I think, go the faster for that.

* Sir Thomas Whitchote, Bt., of Averbury, and Viscount Alford of Belvoir.
† Colonel Philip Dundas.
‡ Brother of Mr. Christopher Turner, of Stoke Rochford.
§ Neville C., of Arrester Hall.

LYRA VENATICA.

General Rette,^{*} who, to avoid a mishap,
Would rather ride round to a gate or a gap;
His son, now exhibiting plenty of fire,
May perhaps be as cool when as old as his sire.

If Latchford[†] I scarce know what I must say,
He never rides well, but he can't stay away;
Tis seldom he buys—but, as a matter of course,
He asks each young clodpole the price of his horse.

Christopher[‡] puts on the pink it is true,
But I never think he has hunting in view;
He seems to come out with no other intent
Than to try if obesity he can prevent.

It much would improve his rare personal beauty
If he'd diet himself and take stronger duty;
He should do as the Bishop of Ashby[§] has done—
Some laborious work in a hot summer's sun.

I am quite at a loss what of Chaplin^{||} to say,
My fear is I cannot correctly convey
My sense of his merits—however, in one word,
He's the best weller going and kindly landlord.

* Of Lentonham House, late 1st Guards.

† Squire Latchford, of Bostiky.

‡ Mr H. A. Charles Christopher Nibei Hamilton, of Blenheims Hall.

§ Rev. John King, of Ashby, in Latitude, owner of 'Apology,' with which, published by John C. Beaufort in 1821, he won the Thousand Guineas Stake, and the Lager, and afterwards the Gold Cup, &c.

|| Charles Chaplin, of Barkway.

LYRA VENATICA.

What a party I see of the name of Fane,
They come altogether, a numerous train;
The young men ride hard—of the lady* I'll prove ye
Quite blind if you say she's not graceful and lovely.

Lord Forester, too, and the Marquis of Granby,
As sportsmen I'll class them as good men as can be;
To besmirch them with praise for their rank would
disgust me,

I value them far more as fox-hunters, trust me.

My esteem is diminished for General H—re,†
Who hunts with the Duke and rides very fair,
For it's whispered (sincerely I wish 'twas not truth)
That the Norton Wood foxes all die in their youth.

There's a very fine bird with a very fine tail;
Who deserves a good rigging if that would avail;
To him (en paresse) and to some of his faction
I'll say cease your thorny and shallow detraction;
To be just to his merits, however, I'll tell,
That though nearly a wester he goes very well.

A word or two for the clerical orders,
Who cannot produce from Penance to the Borders
Either vector or vicar to go any faster
Than Welbourn's respected and reverend pastor.‡

* Miss Mary Fane (otherwise Mrs. Willson, of Hareby).

† General Sir Thomas Hare-Clarges.

‡ Mr. Anthony Peacock.

|| Rev. Henry Dibisce.

LYRA VENATICA.

Then comes Parson Henson,* as light as a feather,
He's sure to be present in all kinds of weather;
Quite as happy when first (none my truth will impeach)
As when he's ascending his pulpit to preach.

John King, as a walter, deserves special praise,
Even light ones fail sometimes to copy his ways;
A novice would look with something like wonder
To see the old Bishop thru' bullfinches blunder.

* Doctor of Divinity Broughton.

LETTERS FROM WILL GOODALL
(HUNTSMAN TO THE DUKE
OF RUTLAND'S HOUNDS).

Belvoir Kennels,

Oct. 28th, 1854.

Hoxon, Sir,

As I think it will be cheering to you to hear a little fox-hunting news, now that you are engaged in so honourable a cause, in fighting for your Queen and Country, with very great pleasure I send you a few remarks of our proceedings since our commencement on the 19th of Aug^t. To commence I beg to tell you we have had rather a satisfactory cubbing, considering the very dry season, wh you have no doubt heard all about—the oldest men living can't remember such a long drought—our country is as hard as iron and full of immense cracks, and we can't get to Ropslby with the Hounds till rain falls; they have had to go to Culverthorpe for their water this last six weeks.

Well, we have been out 32 times, and killed 36 foxes, wh are as usual very plentiful: the only runs over the country are as follows—the 1st on the 22nd of September, from Denton Park, 25 minutes without a check, and ran into at Woolsthorpe Cliff.

LYRA VENATICA.

Oct^r 17th, another clipper from Belvoir, 23 minutes without a check, and ran into him in Denton Park. Oct^r 24th, the best 45 minutes from Ropdy Rise I ever remember. All over Welby Pasture, a ring round by Osby and the Southern, nearly up to Newton, bore to the right thro' Sapperton Wood, and they pulled him down going away for the Village! pace terrific the whole time.

This day we met at Lendthwaite, where I was delighted to hear thro' a letter that had just arrived from you, that you were getting all right again. I sincerely hope you will soon be restored to your usual health, so that you may enjoy the most glorious task you have to perform, and be able to cheer on your men with the same energy and spirit as I have seen you do the Hounds at the close of a real good and glorious run. I think all good Foxhunters w^d make capital soldiers, indeed, in spite of all hardships. I often wish I was with you myself. I fancy I hear the Cheer Forward, when our brave men were climbing the heights of Alma, thro' the shower of shot and balls. 'What a day!' I was in Caisterope Hill climbing just at the very time: little thinking how many hearts had ceased to beat in almost as little time as the brace of cubs I that day killed: the brushes of wh I shall keep in remembrance of that memorable day. Just to proceed with our day's sport, I have to relate to you the most remarkable occurrence wh perhaps can be found in the annals of fox-hunting—we found a litter of cubs in the Bocks, the Hounds

LYRA VENATICA.

started off in view with a brace, and after running as hard as they could scream for 25 min., a ring round by Wellington, the two parties brought their foxes back to the very spot they found them, and killed them both within 10 yards of each other: we then went on the hill, found another litter of cubs and kill'd one.—I hope Captain Allen* is well, I shall not forget his last words, *ah* was, "Good bye, Will, I'm off to the East"—there seem'd something so noble and grand in the last expression.

"Trusting your goodness will forgive me for thus addressing you:—And may the God of battles direct and govern you in so honourable an affair, and restore you (*after the battle is won*) in health, peace, and safety, to your kind friends and home at Leadenham.

Is the sincere wish
of your most respectful and humble servant,

W^m. GOODALL.

To COLONEL REEVE.†

* Capt. William K. Allen, brother of the late Frederick Allen, of Wellington Hall, Leadenham, late Captain 1st for the 2nd Battalion Regt of Foot Guards, the latter 1st before the Guards are in the Guards, the eldest brother, Captain, was also in the Guards, but died poor.

† Captain and 1st, 2nd and 3rd for the 2nd Battalion Regt of Foot Guards.

To the Revnd J. BANKS WRIGHT (HALF-BROTHER OF SIR RICHARD SUTTON, BART.)
in 1856.

BULTON KNOLL,

Tuesday Morning.

Revnd Sir,

I really don't know how to return sufficient thanks for your kind note and present of a print of my late departed friend, Sir R. Sutton, which I shall prize most highly indeed, and which will be 'not only a lasting remembrance to me,' but to my children after me. There never was, nor never will be, a greater shock to the hunting world, indeed I never had anything shake my cast iron faith, which it has pleased the Almighty to bless me with, as the news of his death, it is indeed a most sorrowful change, a monitor, calling us to the active and energetic discharge of our duties, forebodily reminding us, we have but a limited time to do so.

I should very much like to go to the sale on Thursday but my duties at home will prevent, we shall I expect hunt on that day.

I have nearly a little volume of poor Sir R. Sutton's letters, all me full of Fox hunting and Fox-hounds, and never since we commenced our Fox-hunting communication, has one of his letters been committed to the flames; they are so cheery and so enlivened with the

LYRA VENATICA.

Spirit of Fox-hunting, and the bawling of Fox-hounds, that I prize them more than any Fox-hunting book I have.

I wish I had money enough to purchase the Potentate his last letter, only a few days previous to his being taken from us, was about that dog.

Poor Mr. R. Sutton with all the family would have received a most severe shock. I do with my whole heart most truly sympathise with you all. The Prince of Fox-hunting is gone, never I fear to be replaced, '*never equalled*' if equalled. Renewing my most humble and grateful thanks for your kind remembrance of me.

And believe me, Rev^d Sir,

Y^r ob.,

W^m. GOODALL.

To Sir THOMAS WHICHCOTT, BART., of
ASWARY PARK, LINCOLNSHIRE,

Belvoir KENNELS,

Nov. 3rd, 1854.

Hoxth. Son,

Thank you very much for your note of this morning's post, and right glad I am to find you are safely landed in old England again: and I sincerely hope in good health and strength for the ensuing season, w^{ch} at present is not very inviting: Mother Earth does not serve us in the soft, kind, and velvety manner she ought to do in the Fox-hunting season: but bounces us up again; leaving us at least a fortnight to suffer for

LYRA VENATICA.

her reproof; she has broken two of George's ribs (but he is better), and has given me some severe shaking, neither is there any chance of becoming at all friendly with her till rain falls to soften her hard heart. According to what I hear, I think there has been more rain everywhere else than in this country: but I won't repine, for I never had the Park better, and on the whole we have had a real good hunting season, and with the exception of about 30 hours violent constipation of the bowels, which nearly cost me my life, I never was better myself; -- brought on entirely by my own foolishness, going too long without food and taking too strong exercise at the same time but thank God I am quite well now and ready for as much hunting as ever we can get. You wd. hear at Willey, of the blinding 45 minutes we had from Ropseley Rive last Wednesday, a half-moon ring round by Welby, Ouseby, Southam, Newton, thro' the middle Sapperton Wood, and pull'd him down going away for the village, the most tremendous burst I ever saw.

At Lassdenham we also had a most extraordinary 25 minutes, wh^{ch} perhaps can't be found in the annals of Fox-hunting, we found in the Becks in the Park, and went away in view with a brace of Foxes, and after running the above time, each party killed their fox within ten yards of each other. (I enclose you a sketch of the run.)

I was delighted to hear from General Reeve that they had that morning heard from the Colonel, and that he was much better. I have also taken the liberty

LYRA VENATICA.

of writing to him giving him a little of our Fox-hunting proceedings I shall indeed be well pleased to hear of his return but not before the battle's won for it's a most glorious fight, it seems to blot out everything else in the papers but to return to sport I have for the ensuing week made the following fixtures:

Monday, Croxton Park,

Tuesday, Birkston in the Willows,

Thursday, Keisby Village,

and I shall if agreeable to you be pleased to raise your cubs the following week but not unless you are there, or you wish it, should you not be at home we have plenty of other places to go to as yet undisturbed if no more rain falls I think it will be almost impossible to come as we can't stop at Ropsley for want of water. I shall be obliged to go home after hunting at Keisby as it cuts the Hounds all to pieces trailing home so far after a hard day.

Our young Hounds please me very much, full of mischief in Charley's absence, but particularly attentive to that Gentleman when at home.

Trusting we may get some moisture before long.

I beg to Remain Yourrd Sir

Your most Hrd and Ord Servt

W^{rs}. GOODALL.

The opposite side is a sketch of our burst on the 28th, the three covers mean the Becks at the bottom of Landenham Park: you will therefore see they went over the stiffest piece of country they could find.

(A very rough sketch was drawn at the end.)

To Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart.

Belvoir KENNELS,

April 20th, '57.

Hon^{ble} Sir,

Having got a very decent entry of young Dog Hounds and being obliged to pull our old Pack down to a certain number, I think I shall be able to select a very good Dog Hound as a stallion for Mr. Ruxton,* who I am delighted to hear is again about establishing a Pack of Fox Hounds. May he do so, and quickly, and a good one, is my sincere wish and may they rouse up the old blood afresh! that his veins some 20 years ago employing all the muscles and nerves both in heart and head w^{ch} so soon became inanimate when retiring from Fox-hunting, making our lives (in this most beautiful world Providence has placed us in) a burthen to us. Depend there is nothing like Fox-hunting for health and strength when rightly carried out, cheering without inebriating. There we all meet together high and low rich and poor all English hearts throbbing like a miser's at the altar for the sound game away; but I must stop or I shall be gone too and to business; I need not tell you I shall be very happy indeed to

* Mr. Howland Ruxton succeeded his brother, Mr. M. Murray Stanley, Bart., having previously taken the name of Ruxton. He had been Master of the Quorn and then been about to take the Tynedale, but never did.

LYRA VENATICA

show you our Pheasants next week most convenient to yourself to come and I think Mr. Latchford who has not seen them ^{will} have great pleasure in meeting you here if you will please give me some time to say what day and what hour and I will be in readiness for you and shall have great pleasure in having a chop for you too at two o'clock.

I beg to Remain, Your Obedt^t Servt,

Your Most Humble & O^t Servt,

W^m. GOODALL.

At The Squire of Broughby, Pagwell, Lincolnshire.

To Lieut.-Colonel R.A.V.R.

Belvoir Kennels.

Sept. 10th, '57.

Hon^{ble} Sir,

In answer to yours of this mng past I regret to say it is quite impossible for me to bring the Hounds to Leadenham on Monday our Ropley Kennel not having been yet cleaned up and repaired and wh^{ch} is quite unfit to put Hounds into; I have men now there getting it ready; but it will be a fortnight before we shall be able to go there.

Had I been the least aware of your intentions, I shd^t have been too happy to have made ready for you. I hope however you will not be disappointed and that I shall have the honour of your company in Kirkby Wood before long.

I beg to remain

Hon^{ble} Sir

Your most H^{ble} and O^{ld} Servt.

WILLIAM GOODALL.

N.B. We have had some most excellent sport amongst the Belvoir Foxes this last fortnight. Crooking our mornings with victory making hearts as light as the foam on the ocean.

To LIEUT.-COLONEL REEVE.

BELVOIR KENNER,
Sept 22nd, '58.

Hon^{ble} Sir,

I am very sorry to disappoint you, but I can't possibly comply with your wishes for Monday next as my Governor the Duke comes to the Castle on the 24th for a few days hunting. I will be with you immediately after His Grace is gone. You shall hear from me immediately I get to Rupsey. We have had capital sport indeed killing one fox each morning after real good work with the exception of one mng. when Cubbs were at a premium.

Hoping very shortly to see you in the Woods in the true enjoyment of that indispensable blessing good health which so many abuse in its infancy never again to be thoroughly restored.

Believe me,

Hon^{ble} Sir,

Your very faithful and old Servant,

W^m GOODALL.

To SIR THOMAS WITHECROFT, BARR.

Brivou Kissels,

Sat. morn.

Boxrd. Sir,

As hunting appears to quite out of the question this morning, I am devoting a small portion of my time to the study of Fox Hounds and whilst doing so, I enclose you a book of the Belvoir Hounds with a few remarks therein wh in this slack hunting weather, will I think be as amusing to you to look over as it is to me in sending. You will therein see a goodly number of well-bred and good-looking Dogs w^t have been used by many of our neighbouring and distant Parks; our young team w^t chiefly consist of Beaumont Rufus and Gidder, are doing remarkably well; I have been watching them very closely this late trying bad scutting weather and altho' they have not been able to do any good, I have been much gratified with the sensible and quiet manner in w^t they have conducted themselves and w^t some days I have thought w^t have been a good lesson for me; but really that unctly member will never exceed the stoehouse of mind, and had I havn a Hound w^t have drafted me long since to the fountains of intelligence to learn the words of wisdom. I hope and trust however that this beautiful frost will clear and purify the atmosphere, and impove the scents cheering

LYRA VENATICA.

on the small portion of time allotted to us inhabitants of the earth

I beg to remain, Hon^d Sir

Your most Humble and O^t Servt
W^m GOODALL.

KENNELS, Belvoir Castle,

Janry. 5, 1858.

Hon^d Sir,

With much pleasure I received your note yesterday morning thro' Dr. Parsons with reference to hunting the Stag that has been lately seen about Belvoir, and gladly would I accede to your wishes were it not the everlasting stain which would be stamped on the character of the Belvoir Huntsman in daring to initiate one of the noble sons of Belvoir Castle to the Stag. I hope however the day is not far distant when I may both have the honour and pleasure of seeing you out Fox hunting, and presenting you with the brush after a good run, and enrolling your name amongst many who now grace the field and many who have left it to return "niles no more" and may that noble old sport Fox hunting kindle a flame in your young heart, that will never be extinguished by either Stag, Hare or Pheasant, is the sincere wish Hon^d Sir

Of your most Humble & O^t Servt.,

W^m. GOODALL,
Huntsman.

[I have no evidence as to whom this letter was written to who.]

TO THE ADMIRAL.^{*}

Born Tart who for so many winters
Has knocked our fire-bar gates to splinters:
We this memorial beg to send,
In hopes you will our fences mend.
We love to see you stick to bounds,
For your ambition knows no bounds;
And be our fences oak or ash,
Your horses drive them all to smash.
You ride, bejewel with saffron spurs,
On sunny a high land, splendid fences.
But, if you'll hold them more in hand,
They'll higher jump at your command.
Full well we know the craven crowd
Are in your praises ever loud,
For when the long backed stile appears,
You forwards rush, devoid of fears.
The stile collapses in a heap,
And through the wicket the funker creeps.

* Henry Metherell, Esq., of Layerham, Norfolk.

LYRA VENATICA.

Yet, Asmund, by the covert-side
We all delight with you to ride,
Who with your tales the way beguile
And warm the ladies with your smile;
Not black your looks, if blank the wood,
Or if the scent be far from good.
If Dantifil pursue the hares,
Not what she hunts o'er fallows cures,
If Huntsmen make their casts up wind,
And leave their fox far, far behind,
You gallop on, in happy mood,
With feelings of content imbued,
With each, with all you have your clatter,
As down the lanes the riders clatter.
'Tis only when at fences crost,
By fickle walls, you're tempest-tost;
Then, then the spark bursts into fire,
And quells the miff beneath your ire.

Ah! happy Tar! how much we feel
To want your well-strung nerves of steel;
Who on your frugal toast and tea
Rise healthy as a man should be.
What nerves had you! when Uncle Ross*
Alike displayed his pluck and 'Nons,'
By bringing home (it makes one shudder),
The shuttered Pique without a rudder.

* Author of the *Bas. Henry John Ross*, b. 1780, m. 1829, Mrs. Cuthbert; d. 1871.

LYRA VENATICA.

A Middy, you cared not a button,
And cracked your jokes with Dicky Sutton : *
You took the Atlantic in your stride,
And high on foaming waves did ride.
How glad we are you've settled down
At Suckler's shop in Grantham town.
Long may we hope upon our grounds
To see you with the Belvoir Hounds,
Ride o'er our whent, and never stop
But only try our tails to top :
And when the hunting season's ended,
And all our gates and fences mended,
Farewell : with hopes for many a year
Amongst us all you'll re-appear.

* Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., late Royal Horse Guards, now a member of the Navy.

' MOST DISASTROUS
CHANCES OF MOVING ACCIDENTS
BY FLOOD AND FIELD.'

Shakespeare.

Friday, January 13th, 1865.

Saw a song of hunting,
Breeches full of mud,
How a country Parson*
Slipt into the flood.

Tempted from his study
To enjoy the chase,
Loving to make sermons
Less than 'go the pace.'

Not for carping critics
Would he shun the fray,
What can Priest do more than
Try and show the way?

* The Writer, the Rev. Charles D. Crafts, Rector of Gaythorpe, Lincs.

LYRA VENATICA.

Stormy tho' the morning
Tranquil was his breast,
What of care can vex man
When for hunting dressed?

Mounted on a brown horse,
Bony, big and strong,
With his son* and friend,† he
Gaily rode along.

To Aswarby's fair Park—there
Cometh "quantus suff?"
Of sportsmen rich and poor,
Rider hard—and merr.

Men and coats of all hues,
Sportsmen young and old:
Scarlet coats, and black,—but
None of blue and gold.‡

Lending too their grace, came
Maid§ and Widow† fair;
Churlish 'tis, to say they
Had no business there.

Quip and jibe and jokelet
Fly from mouth to mouth,
Punch's last, or riddles—
Riddles, not all froth.

* I brother. † Mrs. Franklin. ‡ J. Welby. § Miss Helen Allix.

LYRA VENATICA.

To the Parson, one wag :
"That's a likely "Hoss"—
Did I hear you say—"you
Found him in a 'Bus?"

"Why, his head alone is
Worth full fifty pound,
Splendidly those hind legs,
Sweep along the ground ?

"If perchance you're wearied,
Don't you jump inside
Twixt those hips and hind legs,
As they straddle wide?"

"Jeer on—jeer," the Parson
Quietly replies,
"Not the only horse he
Whom his look belies.

"If the hounds run hard per-
Chance you'll see his tail;
Happily then your mirth will
Lower into wail."

He speaks—on every ear there
Breaks a welcome sound,
In the Ice-house Planting
Reynard they have found.

LYRA VENATICA.

Away, away, away !
The cry is all away ;
To sound of Horn all rush,
No more chaff to-day.

No distinctions now 'twixt
Men, on high—or low ;
He the best man is, that
Can the fastest go.

Across plough and pasture
Pounds the bony brown,
Upright sits the Parson,
Keeping both hands down.

Soon, slack ! a Fen drain,*
Deep and blue and cold,
With two grassy banks, stops
All the sportsmen bold.

• High banks ! muddy bottoms !
Horses beat and blown,
Who of all us brave men
First shall venture down ?

• Oh ! where's, they cry, 'that Sportsman !
(Not of humble rank)
Who so well is skilled to
Negotiate a bank ?'

* Crossed March 10. 1860. from Asbury Thomas, of Burton Pynsent's a field on his farm, paid hurried down the drain, and after four or five fields, hurried suddenly crossed it and ran straight into the fern.

† H. Hardy, barker, of Grantham.

LYRA VENATICA.

All around in vain look
For the cunning card,
Basing this mischance has
Galloped down 'the hard.'

Fleet the galling moments,
Fleeter fly the hounds ;
'I'll essay this drain tho'
Man and horse is drownd !'

Cries a plucky Farmer—
In he shoves his steed,
Up yon bank he jumps—for
Fear there was no need.

The danger braved by one, all*
Rush on rapidly—
A Baronet,† a Yeoman,
Next a fair Ladye;‡

Her gallant grey she crams in—
Down the stream he bores,
Bit 'twixt teeth, disdaining
Woman's gentle laws.

Over the scene a black coat
Gazes with alarm,
Fearing lest the Fair one
Here should come to harm.

* Creeper, the huntsman, comes second.

† Sir Thomas Whichcote of Aarsby Park.

‡ Mrs. Franklin on her mare, 'Signalfly.' She had also patented
Mr. Charles Franklin's another grey, 'Jerry,' which emerged from the
drain, blue!

LYRA VENATICA.

' Ease his head and spur him ?'
 Lustily he cries ;
True woman, she obeys, and
 Out the white horse flies.

Down the dreary moorland,
 Quick they speed away,
Dangers all forgetting,
 Happy as the day.

Pedigree may gallop
 Fast across the plain,
Size alone can lift weight
 O'er this ugly drain.

Sympathetic Parson,
 From his fear relieved
(Had ill her befallen,
 He too would have grieved).

To himself the Parson—
 'My turn's come at length ;
Now they'll learn to value
 Size and bone and strength.'

Come, ye wretched waddlings,
 Come and ford this drain !
Spite your blood and quality,
 Wisely ye refrain.'

LYRA VENATICA.

Then on tail and haunches,
Down the 'Big 'un' slides;
His rider little dreaming
What ill him betides.

Dogged he refuses,
Scorning all control;
In the cold blue mud, the
Brown attempts to roll!

In vain the rider tries the
Further bank to win,
One plunge, one grazin', and oh! with
Backward tumble in.

Used to holy water,
Used to that alone.
Oh! how Fen water chilled the
Parson's every bone.

No more his mother's son
To any he appeared,
With bluish airy dirt, from
Head to foot besmeared.

Horrid imprecations
(Priests they say can curse)
Hurried to his lips, both
On himself and horse.

LYRA VENATICA.

* Oh, you underbred brute !
Son of some Dray sire !
That's the reason why you
Dropped me in the mire !

* Woe ! the day I saw you,
Woe ! the dealer bold !
Who in selling you me—
Me too basely sold !

* Yet the fences all, how
Gallantly he jumped !
"Tis my fault, good horse, he
Probably was pumped.

* Fast through mud and slough, I've
Hurried the big brute,
Of thoughtlessness I now reap
This, the better fruit !

Meanwhile the 'Leviathan,'†
In aquæ mediæ,
Down the muddy drain walks
Quietly away.

Slashing, squashing, squashing,
All along the sward ;
The Parson hunts the horse on
To a welcome Ford.

* Tom Pervel of Wansford, from whom the writer bought nearly all his horses.

† The horse's name.

LYRA VENATICA

Then once more he mounts him,
Chilled in blood and heart—
Far away the hounds—he
But for home can start.

Then drear melancholy,
Brighter feelings forth
Driving—in these accents,
Made him vent his wrath :

“ Parsons of my great size
Shouldn’t hunt at all :
Challenging the light weights,
We but court a fall.

“ Many pious spinsters
Often this have said,
“ To hunt is but to be in—
To temptation led.”

“ Goodly resolutions
Thus this hour I make :
A place at covert-side
Never more I’ll take !

“ Oh ! unwatched cold and chill —oh,
Fifteen miles to ride !
Over cross-roads and lanes, a
Tired horse to guide !

“ How kind friends will jest me !
How deaf neighbours laugh !
To bear the ducking’s load —but
Harder still the chaff.”

LYRA VENATICA.

Soliloquising thus—
Banished joy and hope :
Homeward he his way did
Solitary grope.

In sympathising ear of
Wife his woes he pours :
Clothes and wretched plight, she
Lovingly deplores.

For consequences fell—then
‘ Ducking how I dread—
Take some brandy hot, and
Hasten off to bed.’

Whither the Muse is unable to follow, in point of her Moral.

MORAL (more Poisons).

Two Persons hunting o'er the fields,
Upon a Winter's day,
Came to a drain—the one fell in,
The other rode away.

Now had those Persons stayed at home
And tried the Parish round :
Ten thousand pounds to one person,
One hadn't been half drowned.

The right of translation is reserved—Auctor. J. S.

REMINISCENCE

On the Revd. H. S. Hudson, Rector of Basford.

(Written by the late Mr. William Park, of
Stragglethorpe.)

In the fair Vale of Belvoir, the pastures of Quorn,
This autumn may ring the glad sound of the horn,
Wide Lincolnshire Heath may have sportsmen galore,
And so may the pine-woods of Stapleford Moor.
On the greenward at Helton the marks of the fleet,
May lie thick where the hunters have passed at the meet,
From Reeve's Gorse or Wellingore Heyward may break,
And boldly his line thru' a still country lake;
While the hounds make sweet music, and pick out the
scent,
And the fugitive follow with madd'ning intent.
And well may keen sportsmen contend for the haul,
Until the sly rogue in the open shall bleed;
But amidst all these scenes and joys of the chase,
In vain shall we look for one noted fare;
One slight compact form on a tall rat-tailed mare,
How comes it, my friends, that the Doctor's not here?
Alas! our good parson's long season is o'er,
He has come to a check, we shall see him no more.

LYRA VENATICA.

Brant Broughton's sad bells have rung forth their lament,
For as thorough a sportsman as e'er followed a scent;
Those thin hands now cold tho' wrinkled with age,
Might have given a wrinkle to many a sage.
So light, they the tenderest mouth ne'er distressed,
Yet so firm that the hardest their power confessed.
In vain did high breeding rebel 'gainst their sway,
It might chafe, it might struggle, it yet must obey.
Weaver's Lodge, Lenton Pasture, or famed Rop-sley
Rise,

Shall no more echo gaily his clear ringing voice,
Ne'er again his gay talk, as he trots by our side,
Shall dispel the fatigue of a long homeward ride.
Ah ! how oft ! so returning our friend have we seen,
From his hat to his boots, all unsullied and clean :—
As if—when the snow or the winter's cold rains,
With mire had bestrown all the fields and the lanes,—
From his person, attendants concealed from the view
Interposing averted the mud as it flew !
Be that as it may, did we only look round
On the rest of the ' Field ' and their horses we found,
We could trace on their breeches, and boots, and array,
Upon what kind of soil they had ridden that day :
Whether Stilton's stiff loam, or Stapleford's peat,
Or the Heath's stony plain had been spurr'd 'neath
their feet.
One had thought that our friend had discovered that
well,
Long sought for by sages—and of marvels they tell—

LYRA VENATICA.

That removed all the weakness of age, and forsooth,
Retained in the frame the full vigour of youth.
No such well had he sought, or much less had been
Found ;
But he owed his old age and his stamina sound
To his genuine love for that sport which alone
In old England's fair land in perfection is known.
Long, long, may it flourish ; may foxes increase :
But mirth, may the R—ct—r of B—t—n find peare.

Nov. 4th, 1873.

ACCOUNT OF A RUN FROM ASWARBY.

On Tuesday the appointment was Aswarby, but owing to the serious indisposition of one of the members of Sir Thomas Whicheote's family it was adjourned to Hart's Lodge, and the field rejoiced to hear a so much more favourable account, which enabled Sir Thomas and Lord Burghley to participate in one of the red-letter days of the season. Money's Gorse was the first draw, where we found two brace of foxes. Hounds settled to work with one of them in good style, and at the end of twenty minutes' head running, broke him up in Burton Plantation. Whilst they were drawing Burton Gorse a fox slipped away unseen, but was viewed a few fields off going in the direction of Aswarby Thurn, which covert they ran through, but never fairly settled on his line till they got to Osbournby Plantation. They here set to work at a rattling pace past Throckingham to Stow Green, and bearing round to the left of Billingbourn ran straight past Horbling, and thence away over the fens within two fields of the 'Forty Foot,' time about an hour. The fox then bore to the right, and crossed the large drain which divides the parishes of Billingbourn and Horbling, and had it all to themselves afterwards, as it proved an effectual stopper to the horse people, who galloped round by Horbling just in time to see the hounds, who had been running their foil, raters the drain with, as stated by

LYRA VENATICA.

some countrymen, their fox just in front of them. This time, instead of going back round Horbling, several managed to ford the drain about a mile below the village, but when they caught the bounds they had lost their fox close to the 'Forty Foot.'

Wednesday saw a large assemblage at Croxton Park, which included amongst other Melton celebrities Colonel Murkham, Major Paynter, Sir H. Des Vaux, Mr. Gordon Bennett, Mr. Trailby, Colonel Jervois, Captain Smith, Captain Coventry, and several ladies. Sprattion Thomas was first on the programme, and a short time sufficed to show that the place retained its wonted fun.

Sir Thomas Whithrote's own account of the Assembly run is to be found in his 1879 diary (Feb. 11th), as follows. 'The invalid was Lord Burghley's son, the present Marquis of Exeter, who had paroxysms.

'I met a large field at Hart's Lodge. . . . Drew Barham Gorse where a fox gave Gillard the slip. Rouned a second time in Money's Gorse, ran through the Thorns up to Oldswinby field covert, ran a ring round it. The fox then ran straight for Throckingham, leaving Stow Green hill on the right, down to Horbling, then went straight down the fen to the 'Forty Foot.' here the riders were done, and had to retrive their steps to Horbling Village; Longstaff* and self rode home together. One of the Mr. Alkars had a horrid fall, it was feared he had broken his wrist.'

* Major, afterwards of Little Peeten Hall; he was on a mount of Sir Thomas's, and remembers the day well.

LETTER FROM FRANK GILLARD
(HUNTSMAN TO THE DUKE OF
RUTLAND'S HOUNDS.)

Brierton Kestrels,
GRANTHAM,
24th Decr. 1884.

Sir,

As desired, I will ask His Grace to give you a meet on the 6th Jan. Our Fox, from Routh's Gorse, popped into an earth in the field where they are getting Ironstone, at Caythorpe; they dug, but failed to find sly Reynard.

From Hough Gorse we hunted a Fox slowly across to Buckstone Gorse and from thence to Jericho Wood, finally running him into a tunnel under the Railways.

On Monday we had a very fine run and a most remarkable one, from the last of after running for an hour and twenty minutes, the Queen joined us at Wistow-pool, and both packs ran together for an hour and five minutes, and killed the same five we first found. Altogether the Belsvoir ran over 26 miles of country. I consider it was the best run I ever saw, it being far better than the great run from Amhurst Gorse to the Forty Foot.

LYRA VENATICA.

We could not possibly have run over a better line of country, which was from Harby over the Knavy Wood (Colston Bassett), then turn for Ilke and Clifton, Sherbrooke's Goose and over Broughton and over Willoughby Woods to within a mile of Willoughby Village then turned by Curate's Goose and Widmerpool Ry. Station to a cover called Flint Hill - here the Queen joined in and we ran together back over the Widmerpool Ry., and Nottingham and Melton Road, as it going for Kinsonton Goose then turned passing to the left of Parson's Thorns and just above the Broughtons, through Old Dally Village and Wood, just to the left of Grimston Goose, through Saxelby Spurries and down past Scroby Village, turned for Caw's Thorns and when to within a small field of it, turned sharp down the valley and killed in Welby Holt. First 20 minutes of this furious run at racing pace and all the remainder at a smart gallop.

I am, Sir,
Your very obed. Servt,
And wishing you better,
FRANC GILLARD.

To Col. Jesty R.A.V.

A RIGHTE MERRIE ACCOUNTE OF A
RIGHTE MERRIE MEETINGE OF LORDE
HASTINGS* HIS HOUNDES AT LANGLEY
PRIORY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

November 19th, 1840.

As merry a soul is the Langley Prior
As the Prior of Cottenhamhurst;
And the Priory, too,
A house of good cheer,
For wassail and wine and most capital beer,
In Leicestershire ranks the first.

'The Duxington Hunt met here one day,
And, after a glorious spread,
Instead of a mass, they galloped away
To the side of a copse of aspens grey,
To rouse a Reynard from bed.

Not long had the gallant pack been in,
The Reynard was hollered out;
He gave his masters a scowful grim
As though he had said, 'Here goes to begin;
Who lags behind is a lout.'

* *See Marples' Master of the Duxington Hounds, &c. 1861.*

LYRA VENATICA.

'Then dashed at his brush the faithful pack,
Crested on by their honoured 'Hend';
And the noble chief from his favourite huck
Bounded on beautiful Reynald's back,
And the valiant vanguard led.

'I follow, if ever Bredon Church,'
Loud shouted Sir Willoughby Dixie;
'What mortal man shall leave me in the lurch,
Who thro' flood and fell, and bracken and birch,
Have followed a Devonshire Pixie?'

'And I,' said the Laird of Lockington Hall,*
'It be crosses over Bredon Steeple,
My Chaplain, the Bishop,† will pray for us all,
And if I should happen to get a bad fall,
You'll hear how he chandeth "All people."'

Bounding o'er Isley Walton Moor,
Sly Reynald pursued his track:
When a husky 'Heilah!' from farmhouse door,
'It surely was thine, Tom Saur, Tom Saur,'
Drove the ravenous varmint back.

For Tonge he scurries, subtle in view,
And Bredon Hill is passed;
And the Aspens croak, and Boreas blew,
And unclean presents from 'Jupiter Plu'
Came patterning thick and fast.

* Mr. John Story.

† Revd. P. Fosbroke, Rector of Lockington.

LYRA VENATICA.

‘What wight is that in yon bullfinch thack
With his floundering charger mstlin?’

Ha! ha! ‘tis yourself, our own young Dick;
Diana, long scoured, has played you a trick:
You’ve slighted her long, Dick Cheslyn.’

The pace was doubled down Shunton Dell,
And louder resounds the clatter;
But Rostock[†] Pudlock hummed in ‘Twas Crubok,[‡]
‘He’s *haut de combat*, like General Bouldock,[§]
And Reynard in view before us.’

The Lockington Laird now leads the way,
And his nose shows his glee and glory;
He hawks it ‘spout’ as Brugham, they say,
At will can incline his, either way;
‘What a warrer is thine, John Story!’

But where is Charlton[¶] and Colville,^{**} where?
And where is our Simon Pure?
And where is Sir George,^{††} on his pretty bay mare?
And where is the Bishop? His steed is at prayer!
And where is thin Vansdole^{‡‡}?

* Owner of Langley Priory, where he lived.

† John R. lived in a farm adjoining Rostock’s land.

‡ Secretary of the Queen’s Hunt.

§ Another called by old ladies near Petworth. *Antiqua*, 1723.

|| His wife, frisked down and when pleased, he strangled Lord Hastings as Master of the Bedington hounds.

¶ Tom C. of Chilwell, Notts.

** Peter C. who first lived at Lockington in the Atherton country.

†† Sir G. Beaumont, Bart., of Colerton.

‡‡ George V., of the four quarters of the Langborough hounds.

LYRA VENATICA.

All out, all out ! all distained and disdained,
Or left in the slough of despair ;
And some who, the least, such beverage wished,
By a Faulkner's hook has been freshly fished
From the bottom of yonder pond.

How oft, when pleasure's seem certain and near,
Some gloom the glory shrouds ;
And thus, while bairns were lingering here,
On Olympus' top the leaders appear ;
For Reynard has reached 'The Clouds,'*

• Who whump ! who whump ! shouts odd Huntsman
Head,
And the Marquis responds. • Who whump !
The chasing over, the banquet's stored,
The head of the victim alone is spared
To grace the huntsman's crewp.

* Herodotus (Book 2).

FAREWELL TO LEICESTERSHIRE.

"A child's among ye taken up, an' fath he'll print it."—*Raven.*

These verses were written for the amusement of a few friends, and in the space of a couple of hours. This is the excuse they have for errors or hastiness of composition, unless it could be throwing away time to let such subjects occupy one longer. The Author, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain unknown. He can derive no advantage from assuming characters which are little cared about, and the only gratification would be to mortify the vanity of some of his acquaintance who think him as incapable of producing a stanza as an away, good, bad, or indifferent, as they are themselves. The following lay claim to no other merit than truth and entire originality.

"That sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world has stung,
Which darts in seeming pifidness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound."—*Dyson.*

Amber to the land where the foxes are tigers,
Where the fences are higher than anywhere else,
Where none value their necks, and if the horse tires,
Decline for the unkind, not for themselves.

Where the pace of each steed and his fencing is noted,
And the pride of all rural top-sawyers condemned;
Where the system is humbug, and a head that never
quoted

A sentence worth knowing sells a horse to a friend.

LYRA VENATICA.

Adieu to that town for its steeple so famous,
Where eating and drinking and frolic abound;
Where club-houses flourish, and 'ladies' notorious,
And gamblers and horse-dealers pass the joke round,

Yet while the bright grape on the myrtle repose,
And Bacchus and Venus preside o'er the scene;
The epique sighs tho' his brow's crowned with roses,
And is strung with disease and disgusted with spleen.

Let Long Wall-say* keep numbers at others' expense,
Treat his wife like a dog and behave like a fool,
Convince us that fortune don't always give sense,
And that marriage don't always keep profligates cool.

Let White, half a dandy, for fear of a failure,
Drink no wine after dinner on purpose to let;
Sister Bradenell's a sportsman, Oldalderton a tailor,
And down poor C.-o. Brown and his muslin set.

Let M-l-n-x backbite the friends whom he flatters,
Let Standish persuade him this course will succeed,
Let them both talk of horses and Church and State
matters,

And think they're top-sawyers in practice and creed.

Let Mahert sell his horses at handlessp auction,
Ride hard on a good one and well on a screw,
Think that 'Catholics' only (unlike our persuasion)
Are sincere in their claims and in horse-dealing too.

* Lord Merton. { Oh, happy youth, oh, happy pair;
 | Since but the brave deserve the fair.

† Valentine Maher of Turlough, co. Tipperary, and M.P. for that county,
b. 1780; d. 1844, unmarried.

LYRA VENATICA.

Let Campbell* convince us the Scotch are a nation
As rich as they're honest and kind as they're brave;
Whose sons can drink whiskey, and ride like demigods,
With himself at their head, and what more would you
have?

Let Mackenzie smile on, while Maxse rehearses
Some joke about Rutson, and Dollin talk small,
Empson laugh at the foibles of those he caresses,
And point in bad stanzas the follies of all.

* Of Darnell; Author of "Ree-a, boy-a, mae-a."

The notes to this song in the Editor's MS. to his good friend to staff!

A NEW FOX-HUNTING SONG.

To the Tune of "The Drumton Parson."

I verily thinke like 'The Forest Hunt,' which is an imitation or
possibly of an old hunting-song, adapted at Forest in the year 1541
to Chastell, the Irish-song is 'The Ridderbury Fox Hunt,' see last
volume of 'The Restoration Library' (*The Poetry of Nature*).

Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Whish to pay your Attention The song cannot fail:
'Tis of Men and of Horses, and Hounds, that won't
Tire,
Over Sand-Walls and Ditches, over Warren and Briar,
A Park of such Hounds and a set of such Men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet them again;
Had *Nimrod* the mightiest of Hunters been there,
Thee God he'd have shook like an Aspen for fear.

In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-Three,
The Third of December I think we agree,
At Eight in the Morning by most of the Clerks,
We rode out from Lincoln in search of a Fox,
There was Jolly Ned Wills and Hobart so keen,
And Lawrence in Scarlet, with Capes that were green,
With Peony and Ruby*, those Huntsmen so stout,
Loud Bertie and Mouson, and so we set out.

* The two huntsmen.

LYRA VENATICA.

We cast off our Hounds, and *Cheswick* did try,
When *Boswell* set up a most Tunable cry ;
"Hark ! *Boswell*," says *Babby*, the rest were not slack,
For *Boswell's* no Tritter esteemed in the Pack,
Old Ducker and *Fair-Play* came readily in,
And every Hound join'd in the Musical Din :
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the Lads got a Goddess for Wife.

Ten Minutes past Nine was the Time of the Day ;²
When *Reverard* broke cover, and this was his Play,
To *Waddington* Pasture, for *Harveston* strong cover,
What Hounds led the Pack not a Soul could discover.
From thence in a hurry he Climbed the Cliff-Hill,
Had the Horses been Dunghills, they must have stood
still :
Away for the Column, and over the Downs,
He challeng'd the Huntsmen, and slighted the Hounds,
From thence o'er the Horse-Course to *Dunster's* clear
Beck,
For there was the first Place we came to a Check :
This sly cunning Creature to take off the scent,
First skirted the boulders, then through it he went,
Over *Metheringham* Common, to *Blundey* old Hall,
By the Toss of his Brush seemed to Laugh at us all,
Where he travers'd the Town we were all at a Loss,
Till *Bashful* she Cry'd it away for the Goss.

² The Fox in the Irish song breaks cover at the same minute of the day 1-81.

LYRA VENATICA.

When we got to the Cover, behold *Regnard* was there
For at this time his Heart was a Stranger to fear;
He had laid himself down to consult what to do,
And the Cover was briske with the Hounds on full
view.

He took to the Fen of old *Blundbury*'s rich Squire,
And swam in the Water, thru' Bog, Mud, and Mire;
But so wet and bedraggled, it serv'd not a rush,
Twelve Couple of *Tartars* were hard at his brush.

For ne'er the dry Ground was now all his Drift,
For which he was done to a very hard Shift;
At length having gained it, the Wind in his Back,
He thought to have Baffled this staunch Mettled Pack.
Away then for *Blubham*, he straight beat his Course,
And Prang he Hiddeid until he was Hourse;
When *Raby* and *Abby** soon brought up the rest,
Oh! then they enjoy'd it and ran all abreast.

Away for the *Temple*, which Warren he try'd,
Those Barrows so shallow they safely deny'd;
From these to the Cover in *Amesbury* Carr,
But soon to his Cost he perceiv'd it too far;
The Pack they came on with so merry a Ding,
The Hills they resonated, the Valleys did Ring;
Poor *Regnard* being tir'd at the Wall made a Push,
Where *Flicker* and *Father* laid hold of his Brush.

* Whipporn.

LYRA VENATICA.

Thus Ended at last a most Beautiful Chase,
Which lasted four Hours and some Minutes space,
From thence we returned to old *Bumper-Hall*,^{*}
Where his Honour most Courfully Treated us all.
We talk'd of the Chase, and we Twisted each Health,
To the Man that loves Hunting, and Values not Pelf;
To the Law that we Love, and the Friend we can
Trust,
To the Statesman that's Honest, and Upright and
Just.

* The Honourable Mr. Hobart, Master of Hartshorn, was formerly
called Bumper-Hall.

Lincoln: Printed and Sold by W. Wood,
Reprinted by Order.
Marlford, 1823. T. J. Jacobson, Surgeon.

ELEGY ON A FAVOURITE FOX-HOUND* BY A MOURNING MASTER.

From north of Tweed in early youth she came,
And won in Lincolshire her meed of fame;
No hounds beguiled her to a rash pursuit,
Never out of place, nor noisy she, nor sultry,
Still through the longest Chase she pressed to hunt,
Her soul averse until her fox lay dead.
First fled the fox when roused by Timely's bonges,
And who fondly on the music hung.
No arrow from the string could scatter speed,
Then Timely's footsteps o'er the rushy moor,
When cold the snout and hopeless seemed the Chase,
Thus Timely's nose the sinuous line could trace,
Nor traced it doubtful, sedate or slow,
For Timely pressed with eager hate her fox;
Nor yet her fiery and impetuous missed
To turn where Reynard turned, each winding twist.
Pines rejoice in Wragby's woodland shade,
In the cold earth the huntsman's friend is laid
Oh! from her ashes may a son rise
And bring back Timely's virtues to our eyes,
But vain again for stoutness, mose, and pace,
Shall fox-hound lead more gallantly the Chase.
Pence, brother sportsman! pause, and wipe a tear,
Not undescended for Timely lyeth here.

This elegy was written at Lambeth when the author, Mr. J. C. Peacock, Master of the Hounds, and author of this Elegy, was buried in the church of St. George, Lambeth, on the 10th of April, 1803. The author of this Elegy, Mr. John Timely, was a Fox-hound breeder of Fleetwood. He has kindly allowed it to be published in the "Fox-Hunting Annual," and other papers.

A BURTON HUNTING SONG.

(*Tune: Elm Boating Song.*)

Regular Lincolnshire weather,
I'm sure it's going to freeze;
Rain and snow together,
And a steady North-East breeze.
Three cheers for the Lincolnshire weather,
Three cheers for this North-East breeze.

(*Chorus*)

Three cheers for the Lincolnshire weather,
Three cheers for this North-East breeze.

Creeping o'er the furrows,
Blinded by the snow;
We jeer at each others' faces—
Bright with a purple glow.
Thro' this gloomy weather
Doggedly we go.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

The meet was at Ingley village,
And eleven's the time they are due,
Just half a dozen in scarlet,
And of blacks a dozen or two.
And to Publison* here's a bumper,
A sportsman so good and true.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

* A well-known farmer.

LYRA VENATICA.

At Broomham Holt they found him,
And in Trent bank ran him to ground.
Oh! had you heard the music—
It was a glorious sound;
And the cursing of the Master
Was heard for many miles round.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

How soon this small field was scattered,
All fusk and skirt and fall;
But the Master the gate has lifted
Off its hinges before them all.
Huzza for our gallant Master,
Frank Foljambe, so lean and tall.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

There's Thile¹ undeniably going,
And Stafford², who's always there,
And Amcotts³ so full of riding
Continually in the air;
And Pelham,⁴ who'll go where you lead him,
Tho' of danger he's aware.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

¹ Now hunting to the Duke of Beaufort.

² Son of a well-known farmer of Marsham.

³ Frite, son of Col. Amcotts of Heckthorn.

⁴ Montie, Evelyn (son of second Earl of Verberagh).

LYRA VENATICA.

There's Anderson* prudently waiting,
And Morland† close at his side;
A-quelling out sticks from the hedges,
Through which it's unsafe to ride.
Three cheers for our Deputy Master,
Although of the hounds he's only

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

All over the country trailing,
In search of a fox we roam;
Till we have those sweet words from Master,
"Will Duke just take the hounds home?",
And nothing on earth can equal
The fury with which we foam.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

Now the Master is homeward turning,
With his cap and his long-tailed pink,
And his arms all covered with moss-moss,
And whisky and milk to drink;
All turning into batter,
And sadly too strong, I think.

(*Chorus*) Three cheers, etc.

* Frank master of the foxhounds at Hart of Dixie, or so to call him.
† Morland Hounds of Duke Harton.

LYRA VENATICA.

In the evening says Frank,² to Mrs.³
"The sport was far from bad ;
And Jarvis,⁴ over his claret says,
"Oh ! what a day we have had !"
And only the Master is grizzling,
With a countenance parched and sul.

(Chorus) Three cheers, etc.

Saying, "In this confounded country,
The foxes are good, but are few ;
If we go on longer in this way,
Whatever next year shall we do ?"
But still we must stick to old Burton,
Hawkthorn and Wickerby too.

(Chorus) Three cheers, etc.

² Anderson. ³ Honble. Evelyn A. Patten.

⁴ George Eden A., of Duddington.

THE TOWEL-HORSE.

By Vincent Amcott.

Young Frederick* got him up one morn, it was a
hunting day;

So in his scarlet coat he did his master form array,
And to his valet, Fox, he called, "Ho! saddle a mare,"
quoth he,

"And a second horse I shall want, of course; suppose
you saddle those."

"Yoleks! Tally ho! off we go,
Forward, forward, mount and away,
We'll have the run of the season to-day!"

"But please you, Mr. Frederick," the valet much
reply,

"There isn't no mags to saddle. Would you know the
reason why?"

"The half of them are dead, Sir, and what comes to
much the same,

"The rest that still remain alive, are every one dead
bene."

"No, no, no, you cannot go!
I'm sorry, Sir, for to have to say
You cannot manage to hunt to-day!"

* Young Frederick—Fritz Amcott.

LYRA VENATICA.

Young Frederick moved like anything, he stamp'd upon
the floor;

It was irritating, rather, so forgive him if he swears;

He thought of others tit-tapping the "Wraggle" ¹ and
along.

And he used an interjection which I am not quite
what strong—

"Dash it! Blow! well this is slow!

Kicking my heels I shall have to stay,

And they'll have the run of the season today."

"There's Fank² who funks, and "Tippettom" ³ who's
always miles too late,

And Evy⁴ who the feares shirks, and much prefers
the gate,

And the "Bishop,"⁵ that wavy old bird, and whom
you may depend,

That however far behind he's left, he'll nick in at the end,

"Yoicks, Yoicks" off, off they go!

Forward! the fox has got away,

They'll have the run of the season to-day."

But who in all the hunt for pluck with Frederick can
compare?

Who takes gigantic ball-bounces no other fellow dares,

And if his horse, completely pumped, should happen
to refuse,

"That's the creature's nasty temper; it can jump, but
doesn't choose!"

Oh dear, oh! imagine his woe!

The "Bentler" at home is forced to stay,

And cannot run a horse to-day.

¹ Wraggle, a French Anderton. 101 E. Jersey of Washington.

² The Hobbie, Keely Peltam.

³ Rev. George Atkinson, of Kettlethorpe.

LYRA VENATICA.

"Those lucky chaps!" he thought, "now they're at
the covert-side,

And here am I, who beat 'em all, with niver a tag to
ride?"

His eye upon the towel-horse that moment clutched to
fall,

"Good rocks! why here's a tag, and I'll go hunting
after all."

"Yicks! tally-ho! you were, you was!"

Forward, forward, onward and onward!

"I'm in for the run of the season to-day!"

On the towel-horse he mounted—oh! that I'd been
there to see!

That is, quite a little towel-horse, no towel-horse
could be;

He "tipped" up the "Wingding" road, stopped once to
light a weed,

Then caught the others easily, and gave a splendid lead!

"So-ho, so-ho, now gently, won!"

For the towel-horse it wouldn't stir,

It did so enjoy getting out for the day!

As usual Frank was fuming, and "Tuppenny" niths too
late,

And Eva chinking every fence, and creeping thru' the
gate;

The "Bishop" too kicked in, of course, in that she was
of his,

(I repeat my observation—what a wary bird it is!)

And they all said, "Oh! why, here's a go!"

It is not the big horses, or the bay or the grey,

What is the "Brunner" riding to-day?"

LYRA VEXATICA.

"There was Cayley^{*} out, and Charlie Smith,[†] likewise
Percival Brown,[‡]

But need I say young Frederick out everybody down?
He started along his gallant steed, he started along
like mad,

He led the field—a faster thing the Burton never had!

"Yanks! Tally ho! now hurray we go!"
Now even heard the towel-house neigh,
But all agreed 'twas a wonderful day.

February 14th, 1873.

^{*} Rev. Huguenot Cayley, of Scarsdale.

[†] Mrs. Atkinson's nephew.

[‡] Farmer at Glenwooth.

“THE BURTON HUNT” OF 1878.

For ages, no master to question how long,
Well known is the fame of “The Burton” in song;
Oshaburton, Sir Richard,² Lord Henry,³ and Smith,⁴
Of all countries once rated “The Burton” the pith.

Then success to “The Burton!” success let us drink,
No heel taps good sportsmen, fill up to the brim;
Let’s drink to fox-hunting in magnums of port—
Better times to the farmers who give us the sport.

Then first to our “Master,”⁵ in long-coated pink
And voluminous clinker, let’s all bumpers drink;
He’s a thorough good sportsman, right honest and true,
Though he don’t back up “Dizzy,” he’s a thorough
true blue.

Next the “Master of Blanket,” though he weighs
sixteen stone,
Whatever he the purr takes a line all his own;
Caring nought for the depth of the plough—never
yields
To any in crossing our Lincolnshire fields.

Walter Hart,
Henry Clark,
Mr. Archibald Smith } into Masters of this pack.
Mr. Horble, Francis Neville Palgrave, of Oshaburton,
Mr. Horble, Henry Chaplin.

LYRA VENATICA

'Will Duke'* to see go when hounds run to a treat,
He's a rare one to follow, a bad one to beat;
From the field to the view, from the view to the kill,
His motto is always, be with them I will.

To complete the cortège, there's 'Ned' the first whip,
Likes jumping, and rides singing night for a pup;
And 'Frank Bingham' now hubbs the place filled of
you.

By 'Frank Bartlett,' who's gone to far-famed 'Bramham
Moor.'

Next first of our field in years, not in pace,
'The Colonel of Hawkthorn'** well honourably place.
He a Member once sat for the midst of our shire,
Now in favour of 'Stanhope' he's preferred to retire.

'The Captain,'[†] his son, is a good one to go,
Has a rare little chestnut that never says 'no';
When hounds go the pace, and the betters come thick,
He dwells not a moment his place to pick.

From 'Lan's'[‡] an ancient hall comes a sportsman all
round,
Who's fond of a horse and quick dashing hound.
And they tell me that he is a miles to knock
Over swift-scredding partridge or rocketing cock.

* The huntsman, now butler to the Duke of Bedford.

† Currer, Arundel.

‡ Fritz Arundel, 11th Dragoon Guards.

† Frank Anderson.

LYRA VENATICA.

“The dashing Hussar”* on his chestnut so proud,
On leave from the East now at home is allowed;
He don’t want to fight, but hopes if she can
His country without him will lick the Afghan.

The sportsman at “Greatwell”† oft finds us a run
From the Ossiers to “Sudbrook”‡ I’ve seen some good
fun;
But men that he’s married our friend here prefers
To change “Lincolshire” ploughs for the grass of the
shires.

And there is our friend in his cut-away pink,
And black velvet cap, a keen sportsman I think,
Who though at the meet doesn’t often appear,
Yet if hounds find a fox will kick in and be there.

From “Sampson” there hails a keen sporting divine,§
Who worships Diana and frequents her shrine;
And they even say that oft, though the native bell
sounds,
He mounteth good “Rufus” in search of the hounds.

All alert for the sport from “Lincoln” comes one,||
The a good little mare that is second to none;
His sister enjoys with the pack a good day,
And goes with her brother whenever she may.

* H. J. Blagrove, 12th Hussar, which Regt. is to be commissed in the
S. African War.

† Mr. Tinsley.

‡ W. J. Carrol, a well-to-do Farmer at Trowbridge, and very good rider.

§ Miss Elizabeth Gayley.

|| The writer of this poem.

LYRA VENATICA

Next the son² of the 'Master' our notice invites,
A keen undergraduate, who often delights
In a burst with 'the Hesiter' himself to regale,
Or a sport in 'the Grinds' 'cross the Aylesbury vale.

From 'Grisly' comes one in faultless attire,
In breeches and boots that all must admire,
Though he never leaves a trail off the finish hill or so,
Nor 'Fox' in our hunt is more wily than he.³

Next the 'Gentleman Farmer,' well versed in his
Of pedigree shorthorns, and Lincoln stags,
In the merits of 'Bouth' and 'dowries' at 'Hales,'
In accounts and the intricate 'Sedbury' pastures.

And there is that sportsman now 'Norwiche'
gorse,⁴

Whose son Dick aspires to a sheepherder's course;
With his tongue he will talk as fast as bell-ringers,
If ever you happen to be by his side.

'The Adjutant,' now, I think all will agree,
To our ranks an agreeable addition will be,
In pursuit of the Chase he appears very keen,
Though unlucky with spit through the neither wile
born.

² George Foljambe. ³ Capt. (also 'the trotting') Fox.
¹ Mr. Garth. ⁴ H. Gaskin. ⁵ Captain Helme.

LYRA VENATICA.

Next the owner of 'Freeman' from 'Hainton's' grey
hull,¹

And with him his lady, the keenest of all;
When equipped for the Chase on her longhaired
black mare,

Over the Wolds, o'er the Vale, her fair rider is there.

From 'Gate Burton' hails a soldier-like mare,²

Who could e'er hold their own when the pack went
the pace;

To lead the first flight they always aspired,
But now from the Chase it seems they've retired.

'The High Sheriff', methinks a gallop prefers
Or even a warm corner 'midst the 'Doddington'
harts,

Thus a pageant to furnish for a crowd's varied eyes
In a coach with Her Majesty's judge of Assize.

'The North Lincoln Captain' § is fond of the spot;
An episcopal tenant, he's pulled by naught;
Not even though he sit here and there with 'till
At the will jousts of some volatile filly.

Each season comes one from the 'Hop County, Kent,'
Or venatic pursuits in the field all intent,
To all strangers our hunt a warm welcome will give,
And wish them good sport whereso'er they may live.

¹ The present Lord Hennage created 1st Baron, 1896.

² Illust.

³ George E. Jarvis, of Doddington.

[§] F. C. Marshall. H. J. Moreland.

LYRA VENATICA.

To cast in his lot with "The Burton" has come
From "The Hadsworth" a sportsman all game for
the fun;
Never fear but his song at the finish will be,
The Lincolnshire spot and "The Burton" for me.

We are sorry this season to miss from our ranks
A sportsman so lively and fond of his pranks,
Who "The Burton" has left, and prefers now instead
With "The Helvoir" to dodge and the gilt Gantham
gingerbread.

From "Lugley" comes a sportsman of fair size,
As a judge at the shows we oft see his name,
He knows a good horse, and in spite of his weight
In a burst to the pack used to go very straight.

And there is our friend so sly and devious,
Who from "Hunker's Hill" hauls; of this I am sure
To our hunt and our pack none are sturdier than he,
And when hounds stream along in the first flight
he'll be.

Then next is "the Captain," so spiky and so spry,
Whom all must acknowledge as quite up "show road",
And oft 'twixt the flags he is seen to the fore,
When first past the post he has steered "Matador".

* R. Outer. | The Blank. R. C. A. Petham.
| Edward Petham, a well-known hunter.
| C. Robson.

Frank Shorthorn, Mr. H. G. (formerly Mr. H. H.) of
the Weston Park, Rotherham. In some rare instances, a set of
fourteen starts on his own horse, "Matador."

LYRA VENATICA.

Oh it was four-year-old the impatience to lead,
A capital hound is one "Kettlethorpe" friend;¹
When hounds kill their fox he is generally near—
What a drawback he hasn't ten thousand a year.

In anecdotes, stories, amusement and fun,
Our friend from "the Quarry"² is second to none;
In spite of rheumatics and pains in the back,
He a gallop enjoys on his colts with the pack.

From "The Hemphill" we've gained a keen honest
supporter;³
Who Holton has picked as a good hunting quidnunc,
I'm sure that all men in our hunt will agree
Would the country were full of such sportsmen as he.

At "Atherstone House" there's one who enjoys
A day on his motor, though she makes a slight
noise,
No better there is a big country to cross,
If her owner should sell her bid soon find her kiss.

We all know "Valdarno," once Islington's pride,
He's now peered a hunder, which some once denied,
Still we think that his owner, when offered the quidnunc,
Should have sold him and not turned away from the
hounds.

¹ W. Mafford.

² Mr. Robert Evans, of Merthyr.

³ Mr. Taparia.

⁴ Mr. Taparia.

Late Mr. R. Taparia.

LYRA VENATICA.

But who's on this steed with its head in the air?
'Tis that sportsman from 'Coates,'* on his star-gazing
mare;
He always prefers in a sulky to ride;
Metinks he'd improve if a plain bit he tried.

Though fresh to the country 'the Colonel'† goes
straight,
Neither skirting nor craning he looks for no gate;
In the heat of the chase he is seen in the front—
A soldier all over, his place is the front.

Then Fillingham, Norton, Glentworth, and Caenby,
Stainton and Snarford, Dunham and Wickesby;
'The Southwold,' 'The Blunkney,' 'The Brocklesby'
too,
Each add to our quota both good men and true.

Many more I could name, hard-riding and keen,
But dead beat for the last twenty minutes I've been;
So with a sigh of despair I'll chuck up my pen,
And I fancy you won't find me writing again.

In conclusion, good sportsmen, I pray you excuse
'The stumbling and faults of this poor halting mare;
I know at her fences she's not very clever,
But to pardon her failings I hope you'll endeavour.

* G. Walker.

† Col. Wilkinson, Commanding at Lincoln.

LYRA VENATICA.

Once more fill the flagon as deep as you please,
And again ere we part well the stirrup-cup case
Of the bright sparkling wine that thrills through our
veins,

Giving joy to our hearts and life to our frames.

Let us drink to the man whose covers never fail
A good fox to provide for a line o'er the vale,
' And next to the man, whatever be his rank,
Whose heart leaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn
blank ; '

And again to the fox, who alert at the sound
Of the horn of the huntsman, dwells not to be found ;
But ere hounds are in cover steals away from the
gorse

For a point far away, setting boldly his course.

Then long may we live at the cover to meet
Our Master, the pack, and our huntsman to greet :
To follow the Chase with the horse and the hound
Till stern Fate at the finish his whoo-whoop shall
sound.

Woo-Wwoo!
(*W. B. Danby.*)

“THE BLANKNEY HUNT” OF 1879.

Three cheers for the chase, the horse, and the hound,
The soul stirring gallop, the horn’s cheery sound;
Three cheers for bold Reynard, so crafty and sly,
So subtle to dodge, so speedy to fly.

Hurrah for the man undaunted by fears,
Ignoring all care, a stranger to fears;
But three times hurrah for the lady who leads
The bright happy throng o'er the wide-spreading fields.

Talk to me of the charms of the trigger and gun!
Do you mean to tell me there exists half the fun,
In a corner to stand, there the long-tails to slay?
It’s a thousand to one on the chase, any day!

Thirty minutes’ best pace o'er the pastures to speed,
A good mount, a good start, good luck, and the lead,
With joy fills the mind, to the body brings health,
Far more than all riches or offers of wealth.

Of the Burton last season I ventured to write,
To the Blankney I now your notice invite;
In these efforts I fear many faults you will find,
But pray, if you can, to my failings be blind.

LYRA VENATICA.

Well known in the House, on the turf, in the chase,
To 'the Master' * we give the precedence of place,
Fill up to his health, the cup let us drain,
Our master, our master, long may he remain.

*Place our master, place our master, next your lord of
you calls*

For the Lady† who graces Bunkin's gray halls,
One equalled by few and outrivalled by none,
When the pace is the best and severest the run.

'The Colonel'‡ we seldom now see at the meet,
For our City he holds a Conservative seat;
The Liberals will try all their dodges in vain,
At the head of the poll we'll return him again.

And there are two others who bear the same name,§
Who in pastures afar are both known to fame,
One pilots a lady o'er 'Cottesmore's' green fields,
Who in crossing a Country to come over yields.

Next Harry, the huntsman, with neatest of seats
On a horse, he never cares for what fences he meets;
Be the hedge high or thick, the ditch wide or small,
He takes all alike—with seldom a fall.

To turn them to Harry, there's Wilson comes first,
No keener there is with the pack in a burst,
And Watson, who looks so chipper and small
To carry, can't be any trouble at all.

* Mr. Henry Chaplin, b. 1810. † Lady Florence Chaplin, his wife.
‡ Col. Edward Chaplin, late Coldstream Guards.

§ Ernest and Cecil Chaplin. § H. Hawkins.

LYRA VENATICA

To pick up the bits of the goref we do come,
There's the Thuter* from Lincoln all gone for the
fun,

He a gallop expert, but sometimes prefers
In his pocket they tell me to carry his spurs.

Another keen sportsman Lincoln supplies,†
Who to hunt every Saturday always contributes;
At Sir Thomas's sale a good hunter he gained,
For a lower 'Haberdash' happily named.

Next on the list the 'Green Man' sends another,‡
To join his comrads by the side of the cover;
Well known to us all is this as the most,
Where our fieldmen assembled his Highness to greet.

How many good gallops have most of us seen
From that snug little cover close by 'Kirkby Gove';
Our trustee here I'm sure we all heartily think,
That the goose when it's drawn, very seldom is
blank.

From 'Ashby' there comes a hard-riding man,
Whose motto with hounds is catch me who can;
With the 'Blankney' or 'Dukes' he with all can
compete,
There's an helter sportsman appears at the meet.

* Dr. Brook.

† Mr. F. B. Heron, the son of Mr. Thos. Heron, who had
an annual race of hounds at Bellus, Kesteven.

‡ Mr. Ross. § Mr. Byrom.

Mr. Charles Ross, a well-known houndsman, afterward of Ryegate, Long, now deceased.

LYRA VENATICA.

From 'Boultham' a knight of the trigger* there hails,
Who the quick-flying partridge to stop rarely fails;
And with him, his daughter, who unless I'm mistaken,
To the charms of the chase a keen liking has taken.

Well known in the annals of sport is the race
Which at 'Fulbeck' resides, ever keen for the chase;†
In the 'Lays of the Belvoir' their prowess is told,
May their zeal for the sport never wane or grow cold.

From 'Metheringham Heath' there hails a light-weight,‡
Who when bounds go the pace seldom fails to go
straight;
And there is his Brother who owns 'Marshall Saxe,'
Who, oft at the shows, outleaps all the cracks.

A hound-riding party turns out 'Temple Bruer,'§
Than whom to fox-hunting I'm sure there's none
truer;
There are father and sons, who all of them know
How a country to cross when the pack start to go.

Another from 'Duddington' comes very keen,
With the Blankney and Burton alike often seen:
Very fond of all sports, in the use of the gun
They tell me that he is beaten by none.

* Colonel Kilian. † Fane. ‡ H. Greenham.
‡ Howard. § George E. Jarvis, Esq.

LYRA VENATICA.

From 'Bussingham' come two hard-riding men,
Their names aren't alike but begin each with M*;
Red brussets are they, nor even a copper;
To their jumping propensities seems any stopper.

From 'Hothby' to join in the best of all sports,
Comes out who a party of ladies except;
With the long dogs connected we oft see his name,
The Waterloo Cup we hope one day he'll gain.

A liberal supporter from famed 'Wellington,'
Comes next with a lady well known to the fore †;
You must look to your nerves and choose your best
horse,
When they meet at the Hall to draw Wellington
gurus.

How oft do the Woodlands of 'Thorney' resound
With the twang of the horn and the cry of the hound;
From hence at the meet a speckling we see,
As keen for the chase as any is he.

From Burton to 'Caythorpe' last season there came
A sportsman for fun of all kinds very game;
The tale of the Helvot he likes more, I true,
Than the Burton big dykes and our deep-dobbling
plough.

* Marfleet and Market. † Square Market or 1862.

† H. H. G. Neville and Mrs. Neville.

‡ Robert G. Dalton. † Hon. Evelyn A. Potton.

LYRA VENATICA.

"Timberland" sends one* to join in the chase,
Who rides with the foremost when fastest the pace;
Not troubled with nerves or thoughts for the neck,
A big one it takes his ardour to check.

From the ranks of the Belvoir, next "Leadenham"
sends one,†
Who, well known both alike with the hounds and

the gun,

Many seasons has passed in pursuit of the chase,
Midst our field many more may be yet take his place.

To "Thurlby" from Yorkshire last summer there came

A stranger who bears a good sporting name‡;
'Tis one that will ever be known with the chase,
While the pack shall continue his namesake to run.

From "Navenby," one§ we generally see,
A good man on a horse few are nearer than he,
Oft he and our host of "the Sunnyside Head,"
The first flight in a quick thirty minutes have led.

To "Coleyby" a pair* just lately have come
From the shires—where they recently joined in the
fun;

Both in scarlet and silk the Major is known,
And here 'cross our ploughs he can well hold his own.

* Mrs. Parker. † Louis Colclough Renny, late Grenadier Guards.

‡ Frederick Nepram, of Sandhills Work, Yorkshire (eldest brother of Mrs. Tempst, of Coleby Hall).

§ Mr. Tempst, a well known farmer. — Mr. Thornton.

* Major and Mrs. Tempst (see note to song of "December 12th, 1861").

LYRA VENATICA.

From "Ravensby" there comes a hard-riding troupe,²
Well-equipped for the fray—a gay-looking group;
In their midst in the center of habits ride some
Whom few can surpass or equal in a run.

From "Norton" comes such who, whatever bounds run,
Midst the foremost is usually seeing the fun;
To the tail of the pack he is generally sent,
And fails very seldom the who-whoop to hear.

And there is another we must not forget,
Who from Lincoln comes also, our next-looking set;
May our horses keep sound is our hearty desire,
His assistance I hope we may not require.

Many others there are whose names I don't know,
Some shirkers, some skitters, some good ones to go;
But I'll stop, for I'm sure very bored you must be
With reading my lines, and quite tired of me.

In conclusion, good friends, are my verses I close,
I venture a toast for you all to propose,
"Success to the Blankney, success and good sport,
Sound horses, good runs, and a field the right sort."

Then next let us drink to each other's good health,
A sound body is better than riches or wealth;
May our horses remain strong, our sinews keep taut,
May our course with no fancies of danger be fraught.

¹ William. ² Mr. Robert Wright, the well-known stock-breeder
of Mr. Hancox.

LYRA VENATICA.

And when the time comes, and, alas, come it will,
When our links have grown bent and the old horse
is still,
When the sand is run out, and the game is played
round,
Our best fun we shall owe to the horse and the
hound.

And when in the field no more we are able
To join in the sport on the cruck of the stable:
Old runs we shall ride in our fancy once more,
And think of days past, and gallops of yore.

We shall dream of our youth, of the horses we rode,
Of the foxes we viewed, and the hounds we followed,
And then as we think I doubt not but that
We shall say, *“Hoc olim meminisse juvet.”*

Woo-Woo!

(W. B. Drury.)

A STAINTON WOOD FOX.

My time is nearly up,
My race is nearly run,
I shall soon be stiff and cold,
Then who-whoop to all my fun.
Ha! how I laugh and chuckle
When I think how oft I foiled
The Master and his huntsmen,
And how, in vain, they toiled;
How they've ridden and have tried
The pick of all their sted,
And have uttered naughty words,
When floundering in the mud.
They never caught me unspying,
I was always wide awake,
And at the slightest sound
My hook I used to take.
Then Frank*, he used to hollum,
And Will Dale† used to blow,
The funkers used to crane,
And the bruisers used to go.
From Stainton's cosy lying
To Linwood's wide expanse,
Oft the field I had in trouble
When I led the pack a dance.

* Ruth, second Chapman, afterwards hunt-man to the Duke of Buccleuch.

† The Hunter hunt-man, then hunt-man to the Duke of Beaufort.

LYRA VENATICA.

But the hounds, as fleet as swallows,
I always left behind,
They never gained a yard
From the moment of the bind.
And I even dare shake my brush
That in all the country round
Such a dainty little larder
As mine could ne'er be found.
I'd generally a goose,
A duckling, or a chicken;
A pheasant, or a coney,
Or some other dainty picking.
It really makes me blush
When I think of all my sins,
How I robbed the poor old dams,
Of their little cocks and hens.
But now I'll end me up
And lay me down to die.
Good-bye to all my friends,
I know my end is nigh.
But ere I go I give
To all foxes this advice:
When e'er you hear the hounds
Be off then in a trice;
For the odds are strong aginst you
If you do not get a start,
That with your musk and pads
And brush you'll have to part.

“CHATTERER.”

THE BRUISER'S DREAM.

February 14th, 1879.

SIXTH. The Angel Hotel: Time of night. Nearly one.
The guests have departed; the banquet is done,
The 'Bruiser' and Alfred* their friends have delighted,
With a feast that Lucifer himself never'd have
slighted;

It's not in my power each dish to enumerate,
For every luxury, even by rumour ate,
Had been handled round; in fact, Twas agreed
By the guests, that they never had seen such a feed.
And I hope I may say without person affloating
The talk had been wholly of horses and hunting;
Each sportsman his favourite mount had oft cracked
up,

And had stoutly denied that he ever had picked up,
'The Bruiser,' alone of the party so jolly,
By the fire now sits, with a tumbler of 'Polly'
(For, though it is cruel the fact to let out,
'The Bruiser' sometimes is afflicted with gout).
And musing o'er Toynbee and Bartley and Tandy,
In a rhythmical speech he gives words to his thoughts,

* Major Heath-Tremain, late 2nd Life Guards, and Mr. A. Cross.

LYRA VENATICA.

THE SOLILOQUY.

Bruiser Inquirer—

Some ancient poet truly said
That they may laugh who win;
I've stood a lot of chaff to-night,
And though, of course, for jests so light
I do not care one pin,
I must confess I should delight
To see those chaps let in.
A better lot of sportsmen true
I never yet did see,
The Allards,* Crawley,† Alfred Cross,
The 'Fine Old Sportsman,' too, of course,
And many such as he;
But yet to know I'm at a loss
Why they should laugh at me.

At Wellingore, to-morrow's meet
I'll try to beat them all.
There's not a bullock shall me stop,
Over highest timber I will pop!
What care I for a fall?
From Neville's Gorse,‡ to Broughton Top
I'll make them all sing small.

* Three brothers who hunted from Grantham.

† Francis Crawley, of Stockwood, Berks.

‡ W. E. R. Hale, of King's Walden.

§ Blackbury Cover aged, belonging to Mr. Cockburn of Harrowden Hall, late Master of the Blackbury Hunt. He

LYRA VENATICA.

But what to ride? Ah, there's the rub!
Methinks I'd best draw lots.
Then's Cimino, or the grey,
Or Rocket, who can stay all day,
Or Lady Jane, who trots
With speed unequalled, or the bay,
By God, I'll send for Watts!

THE INTERVIEW.

With the Blankney Hounds to-morrow, Watts, I want
my fleetest horse,
And not the speediest only, but the fittest, too, of
course.
You know the work they're doing, now prither quick
decide,
And tell me which, of all my stud, you think I'd
better ride.

Watts signiter—

Well Sir, the question's difficult, for though in all
the yard
There are no better horses, yet you've ridden each so
hard,
The Monday, Tuesday, and second Lady Jane,
Such a red gruelling day did have; they'd hardly
come agen.
The new brown mare and Viscount were on Tuesday
out all day,
And yesterday on Greyhound they say you showed
the way.
Swallow and old Rocket are hardly fit to come,
In short, I think you'd best depend on Meavineen.

LYRA VENATICA.

Bruiser logitir—

Well, be it so. Good night, Watts; but stay, there's
one thing more,
Before you go to bed send here the 'music-loving'
Shaw.

(*Exit Watts, enter Shaw.*)

No doubt my faithful Shaw you know, without by
me forewarned,
That beauty such as I possess is best when undressed.
Yet, to-morrow, I would wish to be the surest of
the smart,
And this I cannot hope to be unless you do your
part.
Put out that pair of pointed boots that lately came
from Peal,
My straightest, sharpest, brightest spurs adjust on
either heel.
My crimsonest pair of leathers, of bright crimson hue,
My oiliest hat, my best cravat; I leave it all to you.

Shaw logitir—

Oh! trust in me, bold Captain; as sure as you sit
there,
The best clothes in your wardrobe for you I will
prepare;
Your boots so nobly tanned shall be, unspotted and
unspecked,
You will not want a looking-glass your beauty to
reflect.

LYRA VENATICA.

The crumpled leathers I'll prepare, the shiniest hat
as well,

'The natives all shall murmur, 'My eye! here comes a
swell.'

Believe me, noble Captain, in you I take such pride
That to-morrow out of Grantham the smartest you
shall ride,

(Exit Shaw.)

Briar soliloquises—

All preparations I have made, and as my 'Polly's'
done,
I'd better seek my downy couch—I see it's half-past
one.

THE DREAM.

There he goes! One minute be silent I pray,
Now holler as loud as you like, he's away,
There's a screaming good start, see how the hounds
race,

No horse ever fouled can live long at this pace.
Master, huntsmen, and field have all got well away,
But they won't find it easy to catch me to-day.
I've a rippling good start, and it's odd if I fail
My position to keep, spite hounds or mill;
On you, Megatherium, all my trust's placed,
I'm sure you'd die rather than see me disgraced.
Forward, forward's the cry, see the hounds disappear
O'er that slight rising ground, and nobody near.

LYRA VENATICA

By Gad ! here's a bullfinch so hairy and black,
We'll be hung up to dry, or be turned over back.
I cannot see over, I cannot see through,
Not a gap, or a nice bit of timber in view;
Thank Heaven, my horse weighs a couple of ton!
So have at it, old boy, as if shot from a gun
Crush ! Bang, nettle, smash ! Such a pack ! What
of that ?

We're over with only the loss of my hat,
And a large drop of blood, which trickling goes
From the top of my nose to the tip of my nose
Oth ! what grief to the ladies ! would bring men and fair
If this scratch were to leave on my beauty a scar ;
Yet there's no time to shunchn it, the hounds race away
Over timber and hedges, over pasture and clay.
But steady, old boy ; by that far-distant gleam,
Methinks we're approaching some tortuous stream.
It can't be the Brant, that is long ago past,
We took it in stride, we were going so fast ;
It can't be the Witham, for doubt me also daze,
Megatherium skinned it like a bird in the air.
See ! the hounds now throw up, though on killing
they're bent.

What the deuce can it be ? Why, good Lord, it's
the Tawer !

See ' Ranger ' plumbs in, the body now follow,
On the opposite bank, too, I hear some one hollow !
What on earth's to be done ? No bridge anywhere nigh ;
Well, one can but get drowned ! I'll do it, or die !

LYRA VENATICA.

After all, a good dunking I really don't mind,
For I'll have such a laugh at those fellows behind.
So now my bold quond, summon up all you dash,
Jump as far as you can — — —

* * * * *

Ugh! Spatter, splash, splash,
Where on earth have I got to? Alas! there's the rub,
"The Bruises" from bed had rolled into his Tea!

Major F. CRACROFT ANCOTT,
(5th Dragoon Guards.)

DECEMBER 17TH. 1892.

This bright morning in December,
It was a Saturday,
The Blankney hounds, as usual,
Were eager for the fray.

For they met at Barnby Manor—
The seat of Mr. Platt;
A large and motley crew came there,
To see what they'd be at.

So having tried around the House,
To Coddington they trot;
And Reynard soon will leave the gorse,
And show them what is what.

They thought they'd order him about,
But no—he'll have his way,
And in the neighbouring covert
He has not long to stay.

Through the grounds of Barnby Manor
He soon has led us back—
A halloo on the Newark road!
Follow, my lads, the pack!

LYRA VENATICA.

Now some they did, and others didn't,
For all had not a mind
To attempt a yarning-sand-dyke,
So they were left behind.

He set his head for Stapleford,
But changed his little mind,
And now he makes for 'Broughton Top,'
And soon the ford we find.

He's twenty minutes now in front,
At least so we are told;
For Carlton over head they head—
The river's made him cold.

But nothing here to keep him warm,
He turns for Wellingore;
Though has he been so far from home
Before?—I'm hardly sure.

Two hounds took up another line,
The pack to Skinnand race;
Of jumping now we'd not so much
But quite enough of pace.

For this there'd been some little grief,
The Field was somewhat small;
The Master of the Sunnington*
Had had a nasty fall.

* Mr. Robert Chapman Swan.

LYRA VENATICA.

Now by a bridge we cross the Brant;
A working man has said—
‘Muk’ ‘aste an’ soon y’ll catch ‘im up,
‘E’s ten minutes now a’end.’

This gallant fox disdains the purse,
For Navenby he goes;
He leaves the station on his right
And follows then his nose.

Now down a muddy lane we go,
And through a gate we must,
By Jove, it’s locked—no other way—
The padlock soon we burst.

In an hour and twenty minutes,
To Boothby he has got;
And as ‘Hermit’ did express it,*
‘His bolt is nearly shot.’

And hounds and horsemen to the right
Have turned, the beauties fly,
For we get o’er the railway bridge
Just late to see him die:

For there they are upon the road,
A worry in the mud,
They bit in half Ben Cappell’s† whip,
The hounds are keen for blood.

* In the account of the run in the *Post* newspaper.

† The huntsman.

LYRA VENATICA.

'Then fast him up, my beauties all,
Now that you have the chance;
Seldom you find a fox like this
Who's led you such a dance.

The Master,¹ Ben,² and Jim³ were up,
And twenty more beside,
Were ready for their second lunge
And other home to ride.

A Guards Guards Colours⁴ there I saw,
A Life-guardsman⁵ so tall,
There were two, I think, from Blundey,⁶
And one from Claythorpe Hall.⁷

Another on a Pyramid⁸
Did sit to see this run,
Methinks if he had not been there
He would have lost the fun.

Now you also can this run, with me
Will all, I'm sure, agree
That a better one a bit than it
You never wish to see.

January 3rd, 1893.

J. S. R.

Master Ben. The Master of the Hounds, Hall, late 13th Hussars. He rode in the first race in the Grand National at Liverpool five times, but was not successful and 1893 was Hall's year, the other three racing Master Ben and his son James Hounds. In 1873 the year he married, he won the Grand National Hunt.

¹ The houndsman.

² J. Smith the Whippet master houndsman in the Earl of Yarborough's.

³ J. and Middle J. Williams. ⁴ and H. T. Ellison, and 13th Guards.

⁵ Mr. Ernest Hopkins and one of his nephews. ⁷ Mr. George Lloyd.

⁶ The author takes on a fly houndsman of this name which he rode on this occasion for the first time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.*

A 'Fox's Refuge.'

A fox ran by the Cottesmore bounds on Thursday, December 17th, 1861, sought shelter in a poor man's cottage at Empingham, darting in at the open door just as Mr. Rudkin, baker, was delivering bread. The poor thing was forced from his retreat, and thrown to the dogs in the yard outside.—*Yate Spondling Free Press*, January 1st, 1862.

'Twas done in sport, the bloody deed, and that the
sport of kings,
In Empingham, near Gunnels' spring, poor Reynard's
death-knell rings;
And high-born maidens, dames, and squires look on
with joyous glee
For this, the wild, exciting chase, the gallop over the
lea.

Like Rudkin, thou art kind, I know; full well the
heart would bent

To see poor panting, pleading Reynard forced from
his retreat.
Poor beast! What murder hast thou done? what
horrid, bloody deed,
That thou shouldst rent in pieces be, thy carcass
dogs to feed?

The 'originality' of this *abominable* may be devolving to the fox
baster!—ED.

LYRA VENATICA.

The life in healthy woodland spent, in keeping
Nature's laws—

If now and then thou leav'st a fence, with rooster in
thy jaws;

My lady's poodle—pampered pet—may predatory be,
Then why must thou be bounded down by laws of
high degree?

A hunted fox from cottage dragged! Ye gods!—
what royal sport!

I wonder what of his sad end the village children
thought—

The hungry hounds, the savage yells, the last despairing cry,

The scarlet coats, the gaily dressed, to see poor
Reynard die.

Art dozing, S.P.C.A.? What? 'Not cruel,' do I
hear?

This world wants new machinery. 'Tis sadly out of
gear

When Fashion favours butchery; on shambles gaily
feasts,

Then Evolution backward goes, for men are turned
to beasts!

HAROLD LEHAYE.

January 4th, 1895.

FROM THE 'LEICESTER JOURNAL.'

February 10th, 1854.

To the 'Tim the English Gentleman.'

I'll sing you a song—a hunting song! made by a fine
young pate,
About Sir Richard Sutton's hounds,* which I have
heard of late.
Most musical and stout they are, and of us pate a
breed
As ever roared the woods at morn or skinned the
turf with speed;
They're hunted by a right good man, and just in
manhood's prime,
A fine old English Gentleman but of the modern
time.

"Twas on a fine November morn, and cloudy was the
sky,
These hounds they set at Lockington, the famous
gorse to try;
And scarcely had they been thrown in, than Reynard
broke away;
"Hark, forward!" cries the huntsman, we shall have
a smoking day.

* *The Queen.*

LYRA VENATICA.

'Then off for Oakley Wood they went, those gallant hounds and prime,

Cherished on by the young gentlemen all of the modern time.

From Oakley Wood to Garendon, from there to Lang Cliff gorse,

They went at such a racing pace, they despoil'd both man and house;

They rattled on o'er brook and farm, by hamlets and old halls,

Till Charnwood spread his land of rocks, wide heaths, and rude stone walls;

And then they ran from horse and man, the' e'en was stout and prime,

These gallant hounds of Leicestershire, the best of modern time.

Sir Richard first, then Lanther next, led on the stirring chase,

And Sturey* mounted gallantly ne'er found a second place.

The Suttons, too, right merrily went straight as any bird:

By Jove, I'll swear, a Sutton's heir will ne'er come in a third.

So on they rode together, these sportsmen true and prime,

These right good English Gentlemen, all of the modern time.

* Of Loxington.

LYRA VENATICA

'Old Potter's^{*} down,' Jack Morgan[†] cries, and 'So he is I'll swear.'

Said Ben, but laughing heartily, he left him lying there.

'Old Potter's down,' cries Heathcote. 'Ah! so he is,' says Wood,

'But who can stay to pick him up?—the pace is much too good.'

And so they galloped on, and left, besmeared with mud and grime,

That venerable sportsman, the pink of Charnwood prime.

Now Haddon woods the hounds went thro', and on to Bradgate Park,

And such a glorious chiding made that Houson[‡] cries—
'Hark! hark!

How musical their voices sound from dingle and from dell,

I never heard the gallant pack ring out their chimes so well.'

A gallant pack, in truth it is, and just in all its prime,

As e'er gave sport to gentlemen in old or modern time.

Now gently up for Stewart's Hay old Reynard slyly steals,

But speedily his breath must yield, the hounds are at his heels,

^{*} Probably John Potter, a celebrated horse-dealer.
[†] Huntsman. [‡] Master of Great Branghton.

LYRA VENATICA.

And fast and far his nimble feet had led them all
that day,

Since from the gorse of Lockington at morn he'd
broke away.

But now the hollow tells how well this stout old fox
and prime

Has yielded to the gallant hounds, the best of
modern time.

Then long may good Sir Richard live to grace his
honoured name,

And long, too, may his sons uphold their father's fame,
And distant be the day shall see him quit the field,
And leave to hounds less gracefully the humber's horn
to wield.

Then join with me right heartily, and a chosen band
we'll chime,

For this fine old English Gentleman, the pride of
modern time.

LEICESTERSHIRE IN 1863.

(*To Lord Stamford giving up the Quorn, and being succeeded by Mr. Clowes.*)

Tho' it put you perhaps in a passion,
'Twould be folly to publish your rage.

Answer to the Earl* whose great pains all agree
In getting such first-rate appointments
(A nobleman, kind-hearted, generous, and free),
Here thwarted by sad disappointment.

Farewell to the Shire, where the foxes are killed
By keepers with traps, poison, and gun;
And their masters, with cold indifference fill'd,
Will not own to the murder that's done.

Lord Wilton on Pathfinder gets a good start,
None can beat him I frankly will say,
A fine horseman, with a good eye and stout heart,
He will ride well in front all the day.

With very long stirrups, and body erect,
On his old white horse trotting away,
His boots and his breeches all very correct,
Comes the brave, but hard-handed, Lord Grey †

* Earl of Stamford.

† Lord Grey de Wilton (son of Lord Wilton).

LYRA VENATICA.

Lord Newquay¹ comes next, all good humour and smile,
Strong on his horse—who's quite at his ease,
Sir says Mame, you only watch him awhile,
And his straight style of going must please.

With his coat wide open, and quite delovair,
Cumbering nivly comes P. Colthorpe²
When mounted on Socks, he intends to be thair,
But poor Falconer died near to Thorpe.

Let Little Gilmour on the General mount,
If the horse don't refuse he will ride,
But of the slow hunting he takes no account,
Let him swerve he will fall on his side.

Setting bolt upright, Billy Craven³ appears,
He more pronounced a dist-racter;
He rides very well, when he Nubian steers,
But best on the old Indicator.

Our next little buck, quite dapper and smart,
Well known from his Crumlin farm
In the Aylesford run he play'd a good part,
The Hon. Geoffrey Morgan⁴ by name.

¹ Afterwards Earl of Bradford.

² Frederick Lord Colthorpe.

³ Late of the 1st Guard, married Lady Mary Herle.

⁴ Took in his father's charge, with Langstroth, succeeded his father, Lord Fetherston.

LYRA VENATICA.

Just fresh from the mountains with legs rather long,
With his toes pointed out and hands down,
For steeplechase riding he's famous in song,
By his own shape of hat he is known.

From Coventry House, on a nice-looking horse,
Sir Fred Johnstone,* a man new to fame;
To ride after the hounds, or chase o'er the course,
Few can equal his pluck or his game.

High up from his saddle, and not looking strong,
Like a pea bounding on a drum's head,
The Major† on Hotspur comes bumping along,
Tho' laugh'd at he beats Chasers by head.

Master Tailby!‡ pray you don't treat me with scorn,
Learn to ride rather wide of your bounds,
Leave your huntsman alone, and lay by your horn,
Keep yourself and your field within bounds.

* Ye men of Quorn' to your new Master!§ be true,
Known thro'out all your country's his name;
For remember it rests entirely with you
To recover your country's lost fame.

* Present Baronet.

† Major Peyster, K.D.C., now of Eaton Grange, Leicestershire.

‡ William Tailby, of Shellington Hall, whose bounds are now Mr. Ferrie's.

§ Mr. George, of Wootton Bassett. Master Quorn Hounds 1821-1822.

LYRA VENATICA.

Mr Cheney,* of Gablesby, what shall be said—

That for hunting he don't care a rap,

But as he comes out, I am sadly afraid

He has not left his Foot in his Trap.

Long, lanky, and lean, with his whip at his side,

Always plodding so far in the rear,

Then why, 'my dear Tom,' such long distance ride,

When as much you might see in your chair?

From Somerby Hall you'll see Poet Burnet start,

In D'Orsay fashion not modelld,

His hat is ill-brushed, and to make him quite smart

His boots and his breeches have quinselfd.

Th' the last, not the least, to mix with the throng,

comes Gaskell; trotting steady, of course!

He nicks, and he skirts, the high and byways along,

And often he talks to his horse.

May you all have good health to join in the fun,

And let not your zeal be too fervent,

Nor by over-riding destroy a good run,

so hopes your obedient servant,

* Edward Cheney, a well-known performer.

✓ Frederick Blane, of Bitterley and Duxford, County Newark, Captain Royal Horse Guards, died 1886, grandfather of Major Blane, late 2nd Guard, R.R. of Bitterley.

✓ W. Gaskell, author of many hunting poems, possibly of the poet. He died recent from Plymouth from pulmonary fever. 'Moxon Moxon.'

MELTON—A DREAM.

Frost-bound and weary,
Of weather so dreary,
Wondering how long this hard winter will last;
Soundly I'm dozing,
Whilst evening is closing,
Wondering in dream-land, through scenes of the past.

The sun shining brightly,
With heart beating lightly,
From Melton I gallop to hunt with the Queen,
Arrived at the meeting,
I've many a greeting,
From friends and old sportsmen I see on the line.

Earls Wilton and Wicklow,
Both good men—who can go,
A peer* who rides hard, and whose heart never fails,
Scarcely deigning to look
At bullock or brook,
He goes like a bird at a tall flight of mills.

A once well-known 'whip,'†
Letting politics slip,
Who cheer'd on his bloodhounds when hunting the stag.

* Lord Carrington.

† Lord Wellesley.

LYRA VENATICA.

And smart Captain Candy,
So cheerful and handy,
A rider to bounds, when he's on a good nag.
As courteous and pleasant,
To Peer as to peasant,
See the author, and poet, beloved by us all.
(Ah, well I remember
That day in December,
When I first met Whyle Melville, at Wartunby Hall.)

Then observe Lady Dixie,
On a horse that is tricksie,
Who knows how to handle a troublesome steed.
And I bid him beware,
To take very great care,
Who fancies to follow her ladyship's lead.
Handsome—bewitching,
‘Most awfully fetching,’
‘Oh, Stanley, sir,’ it is vain to declare;
For if—losing his cunning,
The fox shuns straight running,
That[†] handsome lady is sure to be *there*.

Up to every lark!
From daylight to dark,
See ‘the Chicken,’ a *big-nu*, both stalwart and tall.
Never craning, he’ll race
Till he’s in a good place,
Whilst he’s not to be balked by a mile or stone-wall.

[†] Mrs. Steane Stanley.

[‡] Capt. Harapp.

LYRA VENATICA.

On his gallant old grey,
'Little Gilmour' to-day,
As fresh as when 'Nimrod' first marked him for fame:
After forty long years,
Much the same yet appears,
As when first that grand writer selected his name.

But see, there's the Master!*

Ah! who will go faster,
Should hounds run a clunker from Gartree today? -
Though so quiet he looks,
He's a glutton for brooks,
As you'll find if the Whissendine comes in his way.

Now Tom Fitt is going,
For I hear his horn blowing,
So jump in your saddle and stick to the hounds;
For he has a queer knack,
Slipping off with the pack,
When the 'field' can't be held within moderate bounds.

Then suddenly waking,
The magic spell breaking,
Maur fly these visions, too pleasant to last,
Yet so vividly clear
Did these old scenes appear,
That it's hard to believe they belong to the past.

January, 1879.

FRED. FARR. WHISTON.

* Mr. Cropland.

OS——N

Last, since in days of yore, no doubt
You've heard of famed Squire Western,
He far antiquity can vie
With bold Squire Os——western.

In stature he does not exceed
Five feet an inch or so;
His figure strong, thick set and round,
So his friends have named him O!

He's huntsman, jockey; at all games
His powers are quite a riddle;
He's musical, and some folks say
He likes to play first fiddle.

Assembled now at Sibbertoft,
Hounds, horses, whippers-in;
The thrice-told tale he will repeat,
The sport you'll never begin.

LYRA VENATICA.

'I'll ride, drive, trot, or run—
My run is but a scramble;
Bet me,' says he, 'a thousand pounds,
You walk and I will amble.'

'To match for race or steeplechase
My banner is unfurled;
You're tailors all; here goes my hat,
I'll challenge all the world.'

Hark forward, hark, is now the cry;
Hold hard, now ride, Sir, ride;
The fence is nothing, stop 'twon't do,
The ditch looks monstrous wide.

The hounds now fly, he speeds his course,
Nor cares for bush or thorn;
And, if he does not blow his horn,
He's sure to blow his horn.

They check, O's bothered and in doubt,
Then there the fox, Sir, goes—
And what the Master wants in hand,
The hounds make up with nose.

The scent grows cold; 'Ne'er mind,' says he,
'We'll draw another covert;
So having done his best to lose
One fox, he'll seek another.'

LYRA VENATICA.

The sun shines bright, the violet stink,
All hunting then is over;
The odds, not hounds, we now discuss,
The race-course, not the covert.

O, droll his pink, puts on his green:
Oh! where my little honey;
Why, lately I have foxes lost,
And now I'll lose my money.

We meet him next on Astot course,
In silken vest, I ween;
A dainty dish to set before
Our gracious King and Queen.

He's mounted and prepared to start,
The snobs around his grin;
Whilst to each sapient gaping grom,
He swears he's sure to win.

They're off! he whips, he kicks, he spurs,
And sure he was not bent;
They say that those who win will laugh,
Our Squire ran a dead-heat.

Of legs, when young, I've oft been warned,
And now am cumbering ground;
For he was ruined by a pair,
And they were not his own.

LYRA VENATICA.

Were I a fox, and O. to hunt me,
I would not care a pin;
Were I a horse, and he to ride,
I'm sure I ne'er could win.

My muse grows tired and fain would sleep,
Her whims I dare not baulk;
So gentle heifers all, good night,
We'll leave the Squire to talk.

THE PRIDE OF THE PACK.

I'll sing you a song of a capital race,
A wonderful dog-trail, that lately took place;
Brave Spanker, from Teesdale, was matched for five
pounds,
With Butcher the pride of the Wensleydale bounds.

Said the sporting young fellows on Cauperby side,
We'll run him a race that will bring down his pride;
By the clear-running Tyes is a far swifter hound—
Brave Spanker well match all the North-country
round.

This challenge so fearless raised Tomlinson's ire,
The sportsmen of Wensleydale rose like a fire;
We'll bark him, they said, as we've barked him
before—
Old Butcher that hunts by the humpy bright Yore.

Kit Routh, Squire Chapman, and Fryer and Purke,
Besides many others came up to the mark;
Tom Handcock, the trainer, took Butcher in hand—
There was never a trainer like Tom in the land.

LYRA VENATICA.

Over valley and moor, from the North far away,
Young Spanker they brought for the sport of that
day;

Said Lashley, and smiled, as he stroked down his back,
'They're death to the pride of the Wensleydale pack.'

And ah! well-a-day, for the fun of Old Roy,
He had run with our own matchless pack from a boy,
Over mountain and woodland, and moor in all
weather,

But now he bucked Spanker, and showed the white
feather.

'The grey mountains basked in the sun's gay beam,
The gentle breeze sighed over wild-wood and stream;
No jollier day for a dog-trail or chase;
When Stags-fell beheld them both start on the race.

Then loud was the shout on each mountain and
height,

'Ho Hobbler! Ho Spanker!' as each cause in sight:
Grim Whit-fell received the sound of their call,
With How-dank, and Nib-curd, and Ellerkin tall.

Ten miles did they run right to Marly-ha-top,
Ten miles did they run without waver or stop—
'Tally-ho!' shouted Lashley, 'I see only one,
The Spanker! brave Spanker! as sure as a gun.'

LYRA VENATICA.

Then shouting and cheering rose lustier still,
When Butcher leapt up o'er the brow of a hill;
Right ahead the hound dog turned the post like a
dart,
And their cheers died in silence and sorrow of heart.

Then here's to brave Butcher, to Hundruck, and
Pryer,
To Tomlinson, Parke, and the jolly old Squire—
Hurrah, jolly fellows, to Teesdale go back,
You have wrought like the pride of the Wensleydale
pack.

LORD GALWAY'S HOUNDS OF 1891.

By 'WHISCORD.'*

Come listen awhile, good sportsmen, a story I would tell,

About a famous pack of hounds, that now at Swithland dwell;

Why should our noise be silent? other hunts have their lays,

These celebrated stories, great records of great days.

We, too, look back with pleasure, in many different ways,

To gallops on the forest, grand runs across the glens,
When only those on business, as well as pleasure bent,
Enjoy those stiff close fences by our 'rubicon,' the Trent.

Oh the joy! to hear a hollow, 'Gone away!' from Gamston Wood,

Tressell, Castle Hill, or Cudlow, when the going's sound and good;

Should you get a start from Lancham, Rampton Thorns, or Gringley Gorse,

If for Grove or Burton willows, it will test both man and horse.

* L. Wilson.

LYRA VENATICA.

How we beat away from Nicker, how we 'bless' the
horse that kicks
Crumbling through those narrow gateways, in a rush
from Skinner's sticks;
How we plunge through boggy Putmore, when the
season's getting late,
Or ride a huck at Oxberton, to meet from gate to gate
Take a bird's-eye view of Whitwell, Langold Holt
and Malpas Hill,
Maltby, too, and back by Tickhill, cross Whitewater
to Blyth Mill;
Sudby next, Scawforth and Clayworth, Mottram,
and then we stop,
Ending with those rushy meadows, from Tiln Holt
to Burnby Top.

Wondrous tales are often told us, of these hunting in
days of old
Mastered by the Lord of Sandbeck, or that saying
of speech so bold.
Then the late Lord Galway bought them, known and
liked by every one,
'May your reign be as successful,' is our best wish
for his son.

Full seven weeks this season, the frost has held its
sway,
Gone at last—so come and join them for a Friday
on the clay:

LYRA VENATICA.

Bring a well-conditioned hawker, deep in girth, both
long and low,

No suspicion of a rouser, bold and clever—one you
know.

Trotting steadily to cover, mark the fences with your
eye,

Choosing in imagination where to creep and which to
fly;

Then inspect the gathering horsemen, forming up as
for review,

Through these lines tho' poor and feeble, you may
recognise a few.

First the Master! let us yield him pride of place
and sporting fame,

Mounted on his chestnut hawker, 'Bentonsfield' its
honoured name;

When hounds run he's always with them, and a
wonder 'tis to all,

Charging with loose rein his fences, he so rarely gets
a fall.

Her Ladyship can seldom hunt, but all are glad to
find

Two small keen riders in the front, of thorough
sporting mind,

Sitting his tough brown pony as to the nimble horn,
Some future day, young Master George* intends to
bear the horn.

* Hon. George Arundell Mawkes.

LYRA VENATICA.

A splendid bay ! who owns it ? What manners,
action, pace,

The answer echoes in the cry, ' Hurrah ! here comes
His Grace.'*

His genial fare so cheery, is welcomed far and wide,
True sportsman and true gentleman, worthy his
County's pride.

Another one in scarlet ! + he's had a longish ride :
Is that the reason why we miss his daughter at his
side ?

Now see the youngest Duchess ; has she made up
her mind

To make us a fox or two, in Clumber's wood to
find ?

Sandbeck we can't pass over, once headquarters of
this pack,

All hunting folk would gladly see its noble owner's
back :

Next year, too, one hopes to find a sportsman and
his sister,||

Pursake for runs from Winton Gorse the graves of
the Bicester.

Who's this I see in velvet cap, riding a small bay
mare ?

Long scarlet coat and faultless seat : good huntsman !
he, I swear.

* Duke of Portland.
+ Lord Manners.
|| Duchess of Newcastle.

|| Lord Scarborough.
+ Sir J. Laycock and Mrs. Innes.
|| Col. L. Hollister.

LYRA VENATICA.

Sometimes a sporting person,* forsakes for us his pack,

And holds his own in foreign climes, on chestnut, roan, or black.

In smart grey coat and button-hole, for model seek no higher,

Then he with smile and countenance would a pattern English squire;†

If 'Mr. George' has left us, he's equalled though not beaten

By two young brothers, when at home from Trinity or Eton.

With calm deliberation, talking to many a friend,
Riding a bay he knows can stay all day from start to end,

Straight as a die he does him; the man must even sit tight

Who from the springs of Balsingham, would follow
'Charlie Wright.'

Our 'only General,'* greets us, as 'kern' as any there,
His wife rules straight, a feather-weight; they are a sporting pair.

Then popular and pleasant 'the Colonel'§ dashes past,
His big black horse can pull like fun, and gallop fairly fast.

* Rev. Sir R. FitzHerbert, B.A.

† Right Hon. P. J. M. Foljambe and sons.

‡ General R. Keene. § Col. Dendy.

LYRA VENATICA.

Our military members quite number up in force,
The 'Adjutant'¹ is very smart on his black charger
horse;
The 'Major'² too, from Hawtree can hold his own
with most,
He has a wonderful chestnut steed, and loves its
feats to boast.

Another friend is coming, his horse looks full of go,
Sitting lightly on the saddle, hard and well rules
R. C. O.;³

The family from Eaton all patronise the park,
No one more anxious to be first, more plucky than
young Jack.

Aston's master⁴—always ready and real good fun
is he,

Though his lady beats her lord to bounds, unless
he's on 'Trustee';

Many miles two more have ridden, over the limestone
roads so stony,

His 'Reverence'⁵ on a little grey, she on a rippling
pony.

A couple⁶ here from Ransby go like the wind
together,

And in the close and hanted fire the roughest fence
or weather;

¹ Capt. Waller. ² The late Major Rutter, Adjutant of Volunteers.
³ R. C. Otter and family. ⁴ Mr. H. Verdin.
⁵ Mrs. G. Atherton, of Heslington, Yorks. ⁶ Mr. and Mrs. Dawson.

LYRA VENATICA.

We miss our friend from Scraftworth,¹ no better man
comes out,
And where's the hunter from 'The Grange,'² what
can he be about?

Groves' squire;³ is quite a stranger out hunting, yet
you know
Good foxes, draw them when you may, his covers
always show;
Sheffield still sends us riders, a dozen horsemen quite,
But (with other well-known foxes) we miss most the
gallant knight.⁴

To one in scarlet on a bay we feel inclined to halloo,
Oh, sir, you look so very nice, but where, oh where's
your collar?

This other on a chestnut,⁵ one merrily salutes
With parody of well-known song, 'Where did you
get those boots?'

Fine sportsman of the good old school,⁶ no better
judge of horses,
His hunter's back, we all regret, he rides so seldom
crosses;
But mounted on black 'Peter,' a lady⁷ holds her own,
And 'J. G. B.'⁸ good ruler be, though checked by
fifteen stone.

¹ Mr. H. Barker.

² Mr. Fisher's dog.

³ Mr. Hartwell's Vixen.

⁴ Mr. Henry Watson.

⁵ Mr. S. Roberts' Bay.

⁶ Mr. G. Watson.

⁷ Mr. H. Barker.

⁸ Miss Eliza.

⁹ Mr. J. G. Barker.

LYRA VENATICA.

This horse seems quite forsaken. Where's the master?¹
Is he ill?

Given up his horse for roses! ¹¹ poor exchange thinks
Gateford Hill;

From his farm not many miles off, George,¹² still rides
his chestnut mare,

Come to see them find in Thame, for he knows a fox is
there.

On roun and grey from Worksop, Father and Daughter;¹³
start.

He wisely takes a safe back seat, she plays a leading
part

Curveting round upon a bay. Would *he* go if bounds
run?

Not far! you'll find this lawyer¹⁴ is a very careful man.

An hour late from Tickhill, though not at all concerned,
A ponderous sportsman wanders up, and thinks his
part is earned;

Carlton's lady¹⁵ won't be beaten, seated on a gallant
grey;

Wallingwells is represented,¹⁶ and young Hall still rides
the bay.

The chestnut horse from Hesley¹⁷ may still be sometimes
seen,

From Rassington till Xmas, come out two riders¹⁸ keen;

¹ Mr. H. Mochin. ² Mr. Hodding. ¹¹ By Mr. Jessop.

⁴ Mr. G. Martin. ⁵ Mr. Todd Norden. ¹² Mr. B. J. Whitaker of Hesley.

¹³ Mr. and Mrs. Egglestone. ¹⁴ Miss Blax. ¹⁵ Mr. and Miss Whitfield.

LYRA VENATICA.

Sheetley sends a hardy horseman, with sayings full of pith,

Fords may be deep and banks too steep, but what cares Sydney Smith?

Blyth boasts a brace of riders: Raughton's bound¹ knows he will

Find a kindred hunting spirit in a friend just up the hill²;

Three sportsmen hunt from Retford, all quite devoted to it,

Prepared to stay and ride all day, are Hammum, Holmes, and Hewitt.

As regular as clock-work, comes a hunting keen from Wellman,³

He knows each lane and gate and gap, and means no fence to kill him;

Here, too, a mere old sportsman⁴ leaves his pony out to run,

As lumpy as a four-year old, he can't be ninety-one.

The sturdy colt or hunter, regardless of his neck,
With jovial face and curious hat, up gallops Mr. Pick;
Another rider with him, who is his right-hand man,
Full well he goes, but no one knows why he should lead the van.

¹ Mr. E. Willer. ² Mr. F. Buxton.
³ Mr. E. Wilkinson. ⁴ Mr. Curteis.
⁵ Mr. Thorold.

LYRA VENATICA.

Here's to the pair from Gringley,* on horses black
and brown,

Both tip-top riders, and the first to help a friend when
down;

No fence too big to stop them, no drain too wide to try,
With hunting (never knocked about) which are the sort
to buy.

The doctor[†] too, from Sunniby, still rides his lug-nosed
grey,

Encouraged by a long sharp whip, it does more work
than play;

Then from the Burton border, got up in pink so neat,
Comes now[‡] who on his chestnut horse is very bad to
beat.

Riding a small bay thoroughbred, trotting so quick
and sound,

This man[§] sits well and looks a swell, the jape are
‘Sharp’ all round;

Iverton sends a party, they own some sporting ground,
In ‘White’s’ snug ev’ry man a time, a straight-necked
fox is found.

Waiting here with many others, under shelter of the
wood,

Fit as can be I think you’ll see, Johnson, Eden, Walker,
Goode;

Near eleven o’clock is striking, the season’s flying fist,
Wait but a minute, I have kept one of the first till last,

* Mr. Johnson and Mr. Walker omitted. † Mr. J. H. Sartor.
‡ Dr. Dawson. § Mr. J. Sharp.

LYRA VENATICA.

To Morgan, best of riders! full mood of praise is due,
Our kennel huntsman many years, so steady, bold and
true;

One season all remember, what glorious sport we had,
When many a day Sam led the way, and hounds could
run like mad.

Listen! they draw the cover; we know bold Reynard's
there,

For 'Harkaway' has spoken, bold swain to greet a holt,
Good-bye then for the present, that note shall end this
song,

With one good burst I finish, to miss it would be wrong,

Here's to the fox so cunning, here's to the hound so fast,
Here's to the Master and his men, to the Field from
first to last;

Fox-hunting! What comes near it? Nothing in
mortal bounds,

Good luck to all, both great and small; sport to
Lord Galway's hounds.

THE OLD SURREY HOUNDS.

It was in November, 1816,

On the 28th day, met at Battray Hill Green,

Thouscore able sportsmen well mounted were seen,

For to follow the Old Surrey Hounds,

Some mounted their black, and some mounted their bay,

Some mounted their chestnut, and others their grey ;
But little they thought how severe 'd be the day,

As they followed the Old Surrey Hounds.

At half-past ten was the time of the day,

We threw into cover without more delay,

Ten minutes before us the fox stole away,

As they followed the Old Surrey Hounds.

The morning being hazy, with fog something dark,
And little we thought of seeing a start ;

For the hounds with the scent went off like a dart,

And but few of them knew we had found.

Till at length Freeman's shrill horn was heard, for
the sound

Anake at the warning began to rebound :

Come on, my brawny boys, don't you hear they have
found ?

Let us follow the Old Surrey Hounds,

LYRA VENATICA.

Then one after another like lightning did fly,
Up hill and down dale, over all we came nigh,
For this is the time our nettle to try,

When we follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Sure we stodil at no gate, but rode at them all,
And one of our hounds in the chase got a fall,
For he over the swinging gate tip't horse and all,
He was after the Old Surrey Hounds.

Such soilding and sighing, the like never known,
And properly trying blood, nettle, and bone,
But some were so beat they no longer could come,
For to follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Not a check, nor a fault, we all rode at slack rein,
Not a hold, nor a halt, whip and spur was the game,
Come on, my brave boys, let us gallop natin
For to follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

Still our fox we kept chasing, breast-high was the
scent,
Through Codham Lodge Wood like an arrow we
went.

He led us through Holmwood to Broomey in Kent,
Where we followed the Old Surrey Hounds.

To further inform you the rest of our chase,
We all through Langley like fury did race,
And over all the same ground redoubled the chase,
And returned to the place where we found.

LYRA VENATICA.

Now respecting our sportsmen, little more can I say,
Except Mr. Wellbank who led them the way,
For he being the last that was with them that day

That had followed the Old Surrey Hounds.

The day being far spent, and the night did appear,
Through Barnet Green Woods was their point then,
we hear,

Where we found it an vain any longer to stay,

For to follow the Old Surrey Hounds.

The eldest of sportsmen had never known such a day,
For we know Squire Malberley killed his last grey,
And five or six more we heard died the next day,

That had followed the Old Surrey Hounds.

Respecting our sportsmen, little more can relate,
For every horse in the field they were lost;
So fill us a bumper, let's drink and repeat,

'Success to Tom Hills and the Hounds.'

THE OLD SURREY HOUNDS.

Written by the Father of Tim and Tom Hill.

Come, unloose thy hounds, let's away to the field,
The morning looks charming and gay;
To hunting, all pleasure and pastime must yield,
To fox-hunting all must give way,
For our hounds they are shamed, and our horses are
blood.

We are mounted on mett so high:
Come, throw off thy hounds, my boy, into the wood,
If we find him this day, he must die.

Our mouths are well stopped, my boy, take thine,
We have nothing to baffle our sport;
We are perfectly steady from end and dear,
Not a hound that will baffle or skirt,
So completely each copse and each covert we'll draw,
Clip round, my good hounds, and beware,
If a puppy by chance meets with puss in the straw,
Crack your whips, 'Gentle hounds, have a run!'

Tom became huntsman to Old Surrey in 1881 and was succeeded by his son Tom in 1900. Tom was with the Bets on several occasions, and became head man to the Heythrop, with which he served some twenty-eight years.

LYRA VENATICA.

From covert to covert, again put them over,
For we have no time to delay.
See how cheerful they feather and flourish together,
They'll find him, as sure as the day.
Ding on him, ding on him, he mind him, good boys;

Push him out from the place where he lies,
He must quickly unkennel, now don't make a noise,
Then they'll leave him no more till he dies.

Hark! hark! to old Drummer, have at him, old boy!
Here's fifty to one that's a find,
My good bounds bark together, it gives us fresh
joy,

To hear them in chorus all join,
Tally-ho! tally-ho! see the covert he's broken,
And they view him across yonder bourn.
Clap to, my good lads, let us ride stroke for stroke,
And we'll follow the bounds with a horn.

Now through a good country, see yonder, he flies,
And the bounds they now equally tire,
Each earth, and each covert, for safety he tries;
And the nags, they must go the best pace,
Hark forward! hark forward! lads, stick to your
bounds,

All hazards and dangers defy,
Over gates, stiles, and hedges, to us there's no
bounds,
We're determined this day he shall die.

LYRA VENATICA.

Now we've come to a clark, where the sheep they
have stained,
In every direction they've cast;
Hold hard there, hold hard, till the sent they
regain,
Give them time, do not press them too fast.
Hark to Ratter and Ranter, boys, over the plains,
At each hit together they fly.
Hark forward, good bounds, now we're at him again,
No danger or doubt but he'll die.

With his tongue hanging out, and his brush dropping
low,
Shows his strength now begins to fail,
And each bound for his life with fresh vigour pursues,
Till his strength can no longer avail.
Have at him, have at him, my boys, pull him down,
"Tis in vain may longer he tries,
He now must submit to the mouth of the bounds.
Whoop-whoop! Whoop-whoop! Now he's done and he
dies.

So now, my brave boys, take him up to the tree,
Don't you see he's resigned his long breath?
To the notes of the horn, how low at him they bay,
All with vigour, triumph at his death.
So bear him, boys! bear him! worry him, good bounds,
For the day is declining apace,
And let us away to some good cheer at home,
And drink to the joys of the chase.

LYRA VENATICA

See you, brother sportsmen, no longer delay,
All you that to mirth are inclined,
Let us joyfully crown the sweet sports of the day,
With his pot in a glass of good wine;²
And in full, flowing bumper give a hunting toast
round.

May every one do his endeavour,
Hounds, Horses, and Foxes in plenty be found,
And may Fox-hunting flourish for ever.

² old custom of dipping the fox's pot in the wine.

OUR OLD SURREY SEASON.

(First Printed in "Bent's Land" of January 1st,
1864.)

"Sic si non sis iudicis, si tibi sit pax, pax sis."

Dear Bent: Can you spare me a moment or two,
While in justice to one pack, in years not a few,
I chant of our bounds and the post which "Sam"**
fills,

Now that snow's scattered lightly on your distant
"Hills!"

If the sport that looks down on below and above,
Glories in by all those who the old hunt approve,
Take Wom's Heath and Westerham, the day from
Nutfield,
Cudstone, Woldingham next, nor need I bringwood
yield.

Bally Hill to the Rook's Nest, I pause here awhile,
For we miss that warm greeting and known friendly
smile.

Betchingly, Tandridge Gate, and last week from the
Shaw,

Under Cudstone by Holwood's great lime of the last

** Encyclopedias tell us Bent Hills, in Kent, in 1862, and removed
in 1864. Bent remained touring with these bounds till the ninth
day of his death.

LYRA VENATICA.

'Thos' few days I've been with them, yet truly can boast
Of a run in all winds, when of scent scarce a ghost ;
We're not jealous, though chaff flowed in fur as we
stood.

Run to fury with the 'Stingers' at Lambetham's
Wood.

Surely happy's the man who's a trifle to spare,
For with what sort of sport can fox-hunting compare ?
Just picture the 'ladies' our meet Titsey Church,
And condoleance with those who were left in the bush.

How the Spaniard gave the word, after mounting his
bay,

But before I can write it, there's a 'Hark'—Hark
away !'

There a come now, your fast ones, short, indeed, is
his start ;

It's no stranger, if we see how he pants for the
Chart ?

Voices ! to him ' Melody '—fair ' Rossmore ' right,
If the open hell face, and he is but in plight,
You thoroughbred's bottom will surely be tried—
The pack here divides—where are you who can ride ?

Come on, here's our huntsman's ten couple or less ;
' Forward !' over the hill, 'tis the way I can guess ;
We're for Seaford or Sussex, for this bold lady pack
we're have courage to take him to Tonbridge and
back.

LYRA VENATICA.

The alphabet twenty-six letters can boast,
I can count up but eight of the Old Surrey host :
The Squire* and the Colonel—how the old grey
does go !
Just try to keep with him and you'll pretty soon
know.

Mr. Strong† thinks, merits a token of praise,
Honour never can desert the green collar from
Hayes ; §
By 'Fuller's report' there's a son of Sir John,¶
Staunch preserver and friend, too, of more parks than
one.

On to Eversand's Vale, not intending to yield,
Leaving Ile Hill and Buxley's right down to the
Weald,
This good fox gave us proof, by the pace and his
sallying,
That the Yankee and Sam have the 'family failing.'

Coverts here of all sizes, 'Rumpish' taking the lead,
Whom no hound can excel in nose, bottom, or speed :
While 'Confederate' next must undoubtedly fare
The stiffest of fences to keep in his place.

* The Master, W. Mortimer, of Buxley.

† John Lessard, of Wieldham Court.

‡ Mr. George Armstrong, of Parley. ¶ Mr. Dudson.

§ Mr. Robert Fuller, of Croydon.

¶ Late son A. Leiback, R.A., who did not inherit his father's
good preserves of foxes.

LYRA VENATICA

He's well over, the guy, too, by Jove! what a pair,
For they're Castor and Pollux when seen in the air:
While your servant on 'Sportsman,' half in hope, more
in fear,

Gets safe over a doubt he never thought to clear.

'Tally-ho's' now the word, spurs in and let's follow!
In the world what is like that cheery 'View hollow'—
Just three hours by my watch, we're but few, all
alone;

Half-an-hour, if he'll last, and we'll reach Chidding-
stone.

Over the Cuckooey to Rye, leaving Penshurst behind,
Four hours we completed from finish to find;
At the Elms we changed foxes, and thus to his
rest

Was left this good scion of Old Surrey's best.

That day was a Saturday, of December nineteen,
Just a fortnight ago, though 'twere better, I ween,
That the Thursday next coming this fox should be
past

To the home of his Fathers, his praises will last:

One verse of my lay shall 'Old Tom's' life record,
That huntsman who never failed good sport to
afford;

May he stand as a pattern with honour to boast
His long life—and Sam, too—I will give as a boast.

LYRA VENATICA.

With hurrah for fox-hunting! the joy of the chase,
May our doings in Surrey deserve just one plow:
Hurrah! let each drink, as a tumbler he fills,
"May the Old Surrey Hunt last as long as her
Hills!"

THE LAWYER.

(*Mr. Hinc-Haycock, Esq., to Old Surrey.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A HAPPY DREAM IN A HARDISH FROST.

(Dedicated to the Family of the late Tom Hines.)

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Hark-hark! Come away!
Hold hand for a minute—give Reynard fair play
‘Twa-a-sung, Twang,’ as old Tom hustles down the
green ride,
With his musical darlings fall aye at his side,

Crushing now out of covert—on forward they race,
‘Twa-a-sung, Twang—and Tom cracks the old horn in
its case.
Forward! Harden your hearts. Forward on—forward on.
Heads straight and hands down, and you cannot go
wrong.

We clear the first fence—‘tis a small stake and bound,
Now easy a bit, up this steep rising ground.
What a went! How they go! ‘pon my word ‘tis a
treat—
By Jove you might cover the park with a sheet.

LYRA VENATICA.

Methinks there'll be many a cropper to-day,
For blind are the fences and holding the clay;
While deep hairy dykes in abundance abound,
And we all know the bogs on that low meadow
ground.

See—that narrow-edged bank, over which we've just
popped,
With its freshly-dug ditch half the 'tailors' has
stopped;
Look how they're all scurrying off for you gate,
'Hurry up, my good men,' or I fear you'll be late.

Surely 'tis a comical scene when cut & split,
Why men go out hunting who can't ride a bit;
Where's the pleasure in pounding along the highway,
Or sneaking up lanes and through gaps all the day?

But no matter to us, for *charon a son gris*,
Poor tailors and cravers—what harm can they do?
Praps you and I, too, may ere long lose our nerve,
And from water, or bullfinch, or post and rail swerve.

Just notice that girl on the next little bay,
Not shoving along thro' that deep sticky clay;
Mark how well she is nursing her game little mate,
From find to the finish she'll be surely 'all there.'

LYRA VENATICA.

Look now tho' they've come to a check at the line
(Which brings up the ruck of the hounds again);
Ah! old Prudence has hit it off under the nail,
Chase more forward on; over the pasture we sail.

But there gleams in' you valley the 'Hoggsbank
brook,'

And noting the proverb 'before you leap, look,'
Two-thirds of the field take alarm at the sight,
And gallop away for the bridge on the right.

Put your heart in your pocket—we're now on the
brink,

Shove off 'Liberty' at it—there's no time to think;
We'll done 'we are safe on the opposite side,
Three refused, and two more a cold water bath tried.

Phew! a splash in the stream there will do you no
harm,

If the wind holds I warrant you soon will be warm.
Hether's' Hounds are at fault again close by the mill;
Hold hard, give 'em room—let 'em hunt if they will.

Who's that lifting his hat at that gap in the line—
Tom slips on his hounds and 'tis forward again.
Our field by this time is remarkably small,
And the pace is beginning to tell on us all.

LYRA VENATICA.

Tally-ho! Don't you view him on yonder ploughed field?

Ah, gallant old Charley you'll soon have to yield,
In a moment our pack run from sent right to view,
Followed close by a handful of good men and true.

Who-whoop, they have got him—a rattling good run,
As the crow flies our distance ten miles it is one,
Time, fifty-five minutes. A red-letter day,
Quite the run of the season I think we may say.

Worry!! Worry!! The Master slides down from his horse,

And offers the brush to the lady, of course;
Complimenting her vanity on the way she has gone,
By her staunch little 'Ladybird' gallantly borne.

Who are up—we look round and 'tis curious to note
'The well-crumped hat and the mud-cover'd coat;
While the water still drips from our friends of the brook,

Quite amusing in truth—as around us we look.

'Twenty miles to our dinner—what matter to us?
As steadily shogging—the run we discuss;
And such are his luck, or misfortune relates,
While homewards we're jogging by lanes and through gates.

LYRA VENATICA.

Don't think me extravagant; I freely must own,
Yours truly, himself, more than once has been down;
Yes, to-morrow, I fear, I must get a new hat;
As for this one, no panache was ever so flat.

Hector declares he saw Smith, on his thoughtfully
wood,

At the fence next the Water Mill give me a load;
I reply, your old mare was beginning to fail—
What a hauler you came at that last post and mail.

Then we listen to Jones (who I safely can say,
Never went, except once, when his horse ran away)—
Descenting at length, 'mid our ill-concealed smiles,
On desparate fences, gates, doublets, and stiles.

'There's Robinson who, with less nerve than a midge,
The ringblender was in the rush for the bridge,
For a mile or two he talks away like a book,
Of the width and the depth of the "Buggibunk
brook."

So with story and bawler beguiling the ride,
Our friends one by one drop away from our side,
Till the last says good-night at the Muddy Cross
Tye—

Shall I see you next week at the Bull and Magpie?

LYRA VENATICA.

MORAL.

Fox-hunters then all! I have something to say,
'Tisn't much, so just li-ten one moment I pray:
There are lessons to learn from our time-honoured
sport,
Which some of us surely don't treat as we ought.

Thro' life, as in hunting, th' importance is great,
To make up your mind and to keep your head
straight.

With a rasper ahead, do not flinch at the sight,
But cram him well at it and all will be right.

Always lend a kind hand if your friend comes to
grief,
For you never know how soon you'll be wanting
relief;

Never mind, in the least, if the hounds are full cry—
Just remember the rule, "Do as you'd be done by."

And wherever you are give poor Reynard fair play;
Don't be in a hurry to shriek "gone away!"
The less row the better, remember my boy—
"Tis said 'empty kettles will make the most noise."

Note when some come to grief, as a matter of course,
All blame is immediately laid on the horse;
Nine times out of ten 'tisn't his fault at all,
But the rider's own clumsy-ness gives him his fall.

LYRA VENATICA.

For we know very well in this world as a rule,
The bad workman always complains of his tool ;
Just so in the hunting field often we see
The bad rider abuse his unfortunate 'grov.'

Give a mount when you can to a sport-loving friend,
If you're lucky enuf' to have cattle to tend ;
And he well will remember this proverb at least,
Do not gallop to death a too generous beast.

February 10th, 1879.

dark S. M. M.

THE SUDBURY HUNTING SONG.

(Or about 1775.)

"Vernon semper viril."

One morning, last winter, to Shirley Park came
A noble hunting sportsman, George Vernon* by name;
Came hunting the fox, for bold Reynard must die,
So they throve and to trail, and began for to try.

Then early in the morning, ere day did them greet,
A great sunny sportsmen appointed to meet;
To meet with Squire Vernon, of honour and fame,
His hounds they bring glory and praise to his name.

• Hide cross him, and wind him, 'Tom Mullins,' he
cried,

• We're sure to unkennel him by the south side,
Let us down to the cover that lies in the south,
Bold Reynard lies there, 'Trowler doubles his mouth.'

George Vernon succeeded his father as second Lord Vernon, 1701, hunting Sudbury Park-hounds from about 1736 until near his death in 1772, when they became a subscription pack, and were the predecessor of the Mervell Hounds.

LYRA VENATICA.

Cries, 'Lo hark' to Trowler, that never run in vain,
'Do you hear how young Snowball doth challenge
the train?'

There's Fowler and Ryall, they're both two brave
hounds,

They'll find out bold Reynard, if he's above ground.

Then bark, rogues, together, while Juno comes in,
There's Lady and Lambert, likewise little Trim;
There's Pleasant and Careless, a bitch that runs
light,

And besides, little Justice, she'll set you all right.

There is Javel and Fiddle, and Vigour beside;
There is Kido, the best hush that ever was tried;
There is Tospot and Bumper, and Virgin, I say,
There is fifty-four couple run every day.

Squire Waller then over the cover did stand,
He hollid most clearly with horn in his hand;
Cries, 'Lo hark together, we'll turn Reynard's note,
And, if he breaks cover, we'll tear his old coat.'

Lo hark, rogues together, the scut it lies warm,
Squire Waller, Tom Mullins, blew concert with horn,
Tantivy, tantivy, their horns did resound,
They alarmed the whole country for above a mile
round.

LYRA VENATICA.

Tom Mullins, the hunt-man, his whip he did crack,
Cries, 'Lo hark to Careless, she's leading the pack.'
These words made Jack Woolley, who was whipper-in,
To hollo most clearly, 'To hark, rogues, hark in.'

The hounds they did rally and flourish about,
Bold Reynard broke cover, Tom Mullins did shout,
Over Wyerome Common away he did run,
They so merrily ran him by Tinker's Inn.

Then for Blakeley Hall, but the road was stopped there,
Bold Reynard was forced to take Staffordshire;
Then he crossed the fair river, the Dove, I declare,
And straight for Grasewood, for great cover was there.

But the hounds they pursued him so hot in the chase,
Which Reynard perceiving would not take the place;
But he took Wenver Hill, which was a sweet thing
To hear the wood echoes, the College Hall ring.

Tom Mullins was mounted on a trusty bay,
Over hedges and ditches the devil would play,
No rocks nor high mountains could balk his mind,
He cried, 'Hark, little Careless, she runs like the wind!'

LYRA VENATICA.

Then for the next hunting away he did steer,
I thought we should run him all round Staffordshire,
But we briskly pursued him with hound and with
horn,
And we forced him again back to the Tythe barn.

Squire Vernon was mounted upon Golden Dun :
He kept with great courage, like fury did run :
Squire Waller he was on a gelding so free,
He maintained well the chase, and kept him company.

Squire Vernon's a sportsman, 'tis very well known,
Rode so swiftly all day, you'd have thought he had
flown :

Squire Brown rode a gelding, that runs very fleet,
He may challenge the country to carry his weight.

Squire Boutlby,* of Ashbourne, rode over the plain,
Expecting each minute bold Reynard was slain :
He rode with great courage, all the day through,
And well he was mounted upon his True Blue.

Mr. Boutlby,* of Bredford, who never was cast,
But, with all the whole hunt, he was in at the last ;
Squire Gresham, of Langford, he bravely came in,
And was famously mounted on Touring Robin.

* An ancestor of the present owner, Sir Bache Boutlby.

LYRA VENATICA

Nos Waller did holla, 'Now sentence is past,
There is Trowler and Snowball puts up at the last:
Come, gentlemen, ride, for the game is our own;
Now, the old bounds are up, I find Reynard is
blown.'

The sportsmen all rode at a desperate rate,
As if they had rode for a thousand-pound plate,
No hedges could turn them, no walls could them set;
For the choicest of sportsmen in England were met.

The hounds they did rally, and briskly pursue,
'Do you hear little Careless, she runs him in now?'"
Fifty miles in four hours, it was a great ride;
But in Wooton old park, there bold Reynard he died.

Now as for Jack Woolley, well him not neglect,
He rode with great fury, ne'er fearing his neck;
Nor hedges nor walls could they turn him again,
He came in the same minute that Reynard was slain.

The sportsmen came in every one at the last,
The hounds they ran briskly, not one of them east;
So let's ring Reynard's fall, with a horn that sounds
clear,
We've not heard such hollering many a year.

LYRA VENATICA.

'Tis hunting alone can all pastime command:
There's the otter by water, the deer upon land:
Hare-hunting is pleasant, the stag's a fine chase,
But to hunting the fox all the rest should give place.

Come, gentlemen sportsmen, wherever you be,
All you that love hunting, draw near unto me:
The chase is now ended, you've heard Reynard's fall,
So let's drink to Squire Vernon, of Sudbury Hall.

THE LAY OF THE SOMERVILLE WASH TUB (XMAS, 1883).

In the centre of Menth's famous pastures last year,
Four sportsmen a hunting-box took,
Each keener than 'fother to ride without fear,
And defeat all 'opponents, come far or come near,
Over banks, single, double, or brook.

If you ask me their names, I decline here to show
'em—

For the best of all reasons, because I don't know 'em—
So 't will save heaps of trouble, and letters a score,
If we call them by numbers, One, Two, Three and
Four.

When I say I don't know them, that isn't quite
true,
For there's one is well known both to me and to
you,

And the party what represents Four in this tale 's
No other a sportsman than young Pimsky Rhodes,*
Now in taking a house I think you'll agree
There are several things after which one must see,
So to make things go easy, and labour to share,
A department each sportsman took under his care.

* i.e. Royal Thumper, and brother of Mr. Cyril Bluster.

LYRA VENATICA.

Number One, nothing daunted by butchers or cooks,
Says after the kitchen department hell look;
Number Two says hell order the corn, straw, and
hay.

It 'll fill the cellar, and wages will pay,
While Franky, the brave, scours extenuating odds,
And says, all about hell look after the masts!

(*Note by Author*—

Noble fellow! Such savagery seldom I've known,
But if real British courage has ever to be shown,
Our Franky's the boy to show it, I own.)

Now our sportsmen have had time to settle,
They can eat, drink, hunt (and perhaps talk),
They allow that all over the country
Jack Trotter finds sport for them all.
But, alas! every cloud has its lining,
Every sweet has its bitter, they say;
When the sun seems most bright to be shining,
Adversity oft has her day;
That my rule to this rule will prove no exception,
The sequel will show to the dullest perception.

One night when to dinner they all had come down,
On Number Two's brow was a terrible frown,
Now Two was essentially a jovial chap,
Not apt to be cross at a trivial mishap,
But a bit of a masher, he liked to be seen
With a shirt-front as stiff as a board, morn or e'en.

LYRA VENATICA.

me to find out the cause of his woe they all tried.
And this to their questions, is what he replied—
‘You know, my dear fellows, that’s not extra blushing,
I don’t curse a bad start, nor quail at a bumble,
Nor as I’m a sinner,
Do I mind a bad dinner,
Nor at moderate drink have you ever heard me
grumble,

But I think you’ll allow I’ve a right to feel hurt
When there isn’t an atom of starch in my shirt.’
Now it seems to me, Franky, your duty’s quite clear
To look after the laundrymaid while we are here,
So for goodness’ sake go—the idiot find,
And give her a jolly good piece of your mind.’

Poor Franky! Just fancy yourself in his place!
A wild Irish laundrymaid having his face.
We’ve alluded before to his courage well known,
But if I had been he, I must candidly own,
I’d have left the old girl and her washing alone.
Still it has to be done—so he calls up his pluck,
Just sips off a glass of old brandy for luck,
Leaves the room quite determined to do or to win,
Says ‘Good-bye’—knocks and goes in.
I suppose it must be for our good it’s directed,
That pleasant surprises come when least expected.
But imagine our Franky’s surprise and delight,
When, expecting to tackle a horrid old sight,
A vision of beauty instead meets his sight.

LYRA VENATICA.

Yes! Instead of a wrinkled and toothless old dame,
A charming young maiden across the room came.
Now you won't be surprised, well knowing the kind
Of boy Franky is, that clean out of his mind
Fly all recollections of shorts and of starch,
As he gazed on this pretty gal looking so much
And not being shy, he soon told a good lie
To account for his visit, and then, by-and-bye,
To become most inglorious determined to try;
And not being repulsed, slips his arm round her waist,
With the hopes of her lips soon the smoothness to
taste!

But imagine his horror, when, just as a kiss
On her lips he implants (Oho! moment of bliss!),
He receives a good stinging box on the ear,
And instead of "soft nothings" as following hours
"Ah! ye little Spalpeen, what the saints are ye at?
Move your arm from my waist, and just come out of
that!"

"I've think I'll allen a false Saxon as you
To kiss me! which only Pat Murphy may do!"
Bad oys to your boldness! Faith as you're a dinner,
In cold Ireland agen ye'll never eat dinner,
Till ye close up me lips in a different way,
And pay me ffeise pounds, so as nothing I'll say."
Give three Moonlight brothers, each one a straight
rifle with,
That won't allow person mer feelings to trith with;
So do as ye please, if ye don't pay the money,
"Tis very poor value your life is, my honey!"

LYRA VENATICA.

Poor Franky! Hard lines! When he thought he
would win
A kiss from his maid, to be so taken in!
But the hard fact remains: of his life quite afraid,
He swallowed his pride, and the Fiver he paid!

The Picture above doesn't quite represent
The Story to illustrate which it is meant:
The Motto beneath it is more to the point,
Tho' our Hero thro' it was quite put out of joint,
For 'Where there's a will there's a way' is quite
clear,
But a 'Fiver a kiss' is a *hurtle* too dear.

T. L. K. W.
(Or Major F. Crackpot Annoys),
5th Dragoon Guards.

TOM CRANE.

So merry Tom Crane is departed at last;

The game huntsman has run him to ground;
No more shall we listen his soul-stirring blast,
Or bark to him cheering the hounds!

He is gone to his slumbers; but long for old Tom,
Every sportsman must feel a regret;
In Field and in Kennel supremely at home,
Methinks that I see him even yet.

His weather-bent visage—his game-looking eye—
His top-boots, dark-coloured, but bright;
In his left hand his whip planted firm on his thigh,
And his horse-shaking reins in his right.

He is gone; but while hunters shall follow the hounds,
While lasts the prime joy of the plain;
No sportsman shall bound to the soul-stirring sound,
Without bawling a sigh for old Crane.

MR. CARNEGIE, OR PIRAROW,
PROFESSOR.

Mr. Carnegie began his experiments with horses in Mr. Richard Park's stable, in 1851. He was appointed to the Coldstream Guards, Captain of Cavalry, Lord Wellington's A.D.C., took him to Balaclava, and when Lord Wellington got a pack of fox-hounds, sent to Portugal, he made it possible for Lord Wellington, that day in 1855, to follow his fox through the forest. In 1856, after riding him in a carriage, he got off by a railway platform, 210 yards, from the road, and him and his hounds took to Lord Wellington, with a private coach. He was a 1113, the last name left unrolled, and held his coat in his right. When hunting in Spain, he arranged with his pack master, and got his hounds to stop, faced himself on the top of the rock, mounted generally, and riding in front of the hounds, Mr. Merton Charles Noyce, who was also hunting, attempted to ride up. He was actually beaten to the entrance of the Jefe Mountains in 1857, and died in 1861. A photograph of his portrait by Mr. Francis Grant, long in the 3rd Battalion Royal Engineers (Fusiliers) Regt., given by Lord Cawdor, Cawdor Castle, into Coldstream Guards.

THE MEET AT MIDDLETON, FORFARSHIRE.

January 20th, 1870.

It fell upon the winter-time,
And a blank time it was then O,
The Master^{*} gae'd to Middleton,
To hant the Tod frae's den O.

The frost lay east, the frost lay west,
The frost was in the ground;
The Larch was ice, the hills were white,
The fields were iron-bound.

The Master looked his window forth—
An' O his face was wae—
‘It's vain to dress, it's vain to mount,
We'll never can hant the day.’

The bairns can' round him fresh and keen;
Quoth he, ‘Ye'd best gang hame,
For you ye run the country o'er,
Ye'll be footsore and lame.’

^{*} Mr. Bartholomew Bissett, Esq. M.P., Local Colonel, Captain the Hon. Charles Murray, of Pinhaven, Lieut. Col. Green Guards.

LYRA VENATICA.

Up spak' the Laird o' Middleton,^{*}
And a kindly man was he:
'Nay, never heed, we're a' agreed,
Right easy will we be.'

The Laird he tellt his newest tale,
The Master blew a blast,
When they were 'ware o' a distant sound
That grew clear and loud.

The echoing beat o' horses' hoofs,
Rings on the frozen ground;
An' bright amidst the wintry scene
The horsemen gather round.

And up rose four brae gentlemen,
A' ready for the chase;
There was Ramsay,[†] Rait,[‡] and Airlie's Earl,
And Lindsay's[§] pleasant face.

'Shame on ye, laggards,' cried Rait, irate
'Come forth, my merry men!
Wad ye sit a' day by the ingle-neuk,
Nor hunt the Tod frae's den?

^{*} Thomas McNaughton Bruce, Laird, formerly of 9th Regt. Bengal, 1796.

[†] The late Colonel Richard Ramsay, formerly of H.M.C. - Army, married at Hertford Castle, with his wife, Lord Dufferin.

[‡] Major James Rait, of Ardmillan, formerly of 12th Hussars, served with the 1st Dragoon Guards in the Peninsular War, and British Legions in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. See *India Gazette*, April, 1857.

[§] Henry Lindsay, Esq., of Bogniehead, served in Indian Mutiny with the Bengal Regiments.

LYRA VERNATICA

* The Geynd lies fresh and free this morn,
All open to the sea;
An' it be frost o'er hill and dale,
It's no be frost wi' me.

* And five-and-twenty Angus men
Are riding at my back,
Good men and true o'er fence and field,
But where ah! where's the Pack? *

An' up an' spak' our Master then—
"O haul your tongues," quoth he,
Ye are na' blate* that ride wi' Rust,
An' speak sic words to me.

* O weel I lo'e to mount and ride,
And follow the chase full nigh;
Not may I hear a sound more dear
Than hounds in eager cry.

* But better far than horn or hound,
Or sic delights as these,
I live my neck, I live my haars,
I lo'e my horse's knees!

* Now gang your ways, fair Sirs," he said,
"Ride canny o'er the braes,
Ye's na' gang home that hittin' cum,
And hope for better days."

A. A. G. Gandyke.

* Blate=bold, bold as people often are of bound-throat, to a man of honest character having to do their work in slippery places.

* Blate=bold, bold.

A LAY OF THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HUNT, 1870.

On the deep boglands of Dumfriesshire's vale,
List to my song, and I will tell a tale
How, in the days that men have long gone by,
Together rode, Joe Graham, you, and I.
To take the country, and to keep the hounds,
Was my fond wish; my bosom knew no bound.
My keenness now has grown extremely sharp,
I trust they'll find a man of better stamp
Than my poor self—who, with extreme disgust,
Gives up the task as hopeless and unjust.
The hounds in sorry plight indeed I found.
Scarcely a one that you might say was sound,
From faults of all sorts that, against the grain,
Went to my heart, and caused me grievous pain.
Skirters, hobbles, hounds of all shapes and size
Came to my view, and horrified my eyes;
Until one day, when, frantic with despair,
I said, "Joe Graham, this I cannot bear!"
For round about me, strown upon the ground,
Of bodily Mansfield, were my weary hounds.
They could not raise a walk, though scarcely far
A-tise of day unfit for kennel door.
"The hounds!" I said, "you must much better feel,
And thus moderate their wailing speed!"

LYRA VENATICA.

Then out spoke Joe—(a good old sportsman he,
Though better kennel-huntsman I would see):—
‘It’s true, my Lord, I cannot do your will;
I shall go home—I’ll send you in my bill.’

* * * * *

The scene is changed, and from the Brownmount
height

I view my hounds with that intense delight
Which only to the huntsman can be known,
Whilst gazing on their beauty, muscle, bone.
Two years have gone since Joe sat in his hills,
And Jones the post of kennel-huntsman fills.
The hounds are now more suited to my eye:
With greater vigour has the fox to fly,
For in the distance is the Maxwell dale—
(I wish to goodness now it was far sole!)
No worse a sportsman could we get than he
Who lives at Springkell in his *annexy*¹
Woe to the fox who, in his rambles wide,
Shall cross the woods of Heron Maxwell’s pride.
On to the right I look with hopeless sighs,
A fearless region only greets my eyes.
T’ill I reach the barony, doesn’t shine,
Where stands a house—old Colonel Graham’s done,
The Colonel was a sportsman once, they say
(I doubt it, even in his youthful day!)
I never find a fox—that’s all I know—
Whenever to that Mossknowe bale I go.

LYRA VENATICA.

Full well I know, Miss Rose had her will,
That blackgummed keeper would not be there still,
Far to the left, in fancy's eye I see
A place called darkmehall, as used to be
Renowned for foxes and its mighty runs,
Which now are both destroyed by breasty guns.
Tis vain I've tried with all a chamber's art
To move the hardness of Sir William's heart.
It's hard as stone, and harder than his head—
Which last is harder than a party of lead!
A mighty man is Heron of Denson
To make a tailor—(none of such, I know')—
Much more a man 'twould take one all out's life
To make up Supt! I'd chuck him in his will!
But want of foxes, I will not complain,
Buckleuch and Castlemilk are not in vain;
Although for Castlemilk I this must say,
Its foxes never are shown by light of day;
The times I've drawn it blank have vexed me sore,
In some way are made up by Curriehow.
I know that Robert Jardine has the will;
As yours go on his coverts yet may till
With good old foxes, as in time gone by
Were far-renowned through all the whole country,
The noble Mansfield, too—a friend of mine—
(Though parting with his cash is not his line)
Preserves the foxes with a right good will,
As prints Coulongan and the Bengal Hill.
But, oh! the weather of this dreadful clime:

LYRA VENATICA.

"Would try the patience of a man divine?"
For all the winters that I've seen here pass
Have never varied, and I've watched the glass,
Which, as bewitched, would never stand the same
From morn till night: it always spoilt my game.
For days and days the wind would tear and haul,
And aggravate me to a useless groan.
In drenching rains, and blinding snow and hail,
I've seen the sent evaporate and fail;
But when the hounds could o'er the moorland sweep,
With sent which took them all their time to keep,
Aghast we rode, and followed them in vain,
A truly melancholy, useless train.
For hags and wights with open drains, I ween,
Are abodes which here are mostly seen.
But having nailed my colours to the mast,
Should I thus strike them to the angry blast?
No, never! could I find a trusty ten,
Adding some lustre to my horse-like crew.
But when I've named good Johnstone of Hallenthwaite
(A real good sportsman I'd do aught to please),
And Arthur Douglas (he's a right good man,
Whold lead the onslaught in a better van),
Kirkpatrick bold, with Robbie and old Joe
(All gallant fellows by the way they go),
Of Rosa Graham I must mention make
(Some of the men might her example take)
They are all told a sorry few, I say!
Oh, why, Dumfriesshire, have you seen this day?

LYRA VENATICA.

Of all the countries that I ever ride,
Dumfriesshire, you're the worst by many told
I've rarely seen a scut upon your lands.
Although I have been told by older hands
That scut is what you always were famous for
Upon this saying now I set no store.
Adieu! my friends, I trust we'll meet again,
My bounds I leave with sorrow, almost pain,
A motley crew I found them at Tenthill,
Though far from right, I think that all will yield
That some improvement has with them been
wrought—
The fruit of trouble and of serious thought.
I go to seek, in other, fairer climes,
The sport I love and so here end my rhymes.

Reprinted by kind permission of the Manager, *Macmillan & Co.*
Stratford.

A LAY OF THE LAST DAY WITH THE HAMILTON.

By the Reverend Francis Herbert Gresh.

To finish the season!! Oh! mournful to read!
We may hang up the hunting crop, turn off the steed;
But we'll have one more gallop, so come to the meet
Of the Hamilton Hounds at Bumbleton Street.

There are black coots and brown coots, and green coots
and grey,
All eager to follow where Tom* leads the way;
But still not a ten will be left in the lurch,
Should we run from the Dild to Helmingham Church.

Yeo! wind her, my beauties! So ho! there she squints!
Now tighten your girths, lads, and ease down your
hats;
I tell you, my lads, you must all look alive,

If you mean to come up with the Bumbleton crew,

What a burst of sweet music as onward they fly,
For the land is good going, the wind lying high,
See now Agent and Mariner press for the lead,
Even puppies can run of the Hamilton crew.

* Tom Newark, huntsman to the Duke of Hamilton.

† Daughters of Lord Bumbleton.

LYRA VENATICA.

'There is Hursant* on Medwin's sailing away,
Little Dick* on the chestnut, and Kerrison's grey.
There's a Luxfield contingent of sportsmanlike breed,
For whom the hounds are there is sure to be Read.*

'Three, Lewins and Walton and Page in the van,
Are thinking, "The last day!" — let's race while we can"
While a few quiet men on their horses sit still.
Don't imagine you've lost them, they'll be at the kill.

See the Vixen's* sharp eye views her own field ahead,
But her doubles and twistings old Agout can thread;
Though failing the scent, be it stormy or fair,
You may swear that Tom Nevard will never despair.

'Now once more they view her, they're tuning for blood!
Can she reach the safe haven of Helmingham Wood?
No! Freeman has turned her, and high in the air
Tom is holding the corpse of his eightieth hound.

How the field has been spattered, the pace was so fast,
That only good-bred ones were there of the host.
But as we jog homeward at gentler pace,
Every grateful tongue echoes, "All thanks to His Grace."

* Hard-riding farmer.

† The Author (*Views of Beeston*).

‡ Richard F. K. Good, son of author.

LORD LONSDALE'S HARRIERS.

There was an Earl of an ancient name,
Who hunted the fox, but preferred his hounds,
This his sire had been a keen hunter free
And bold, as ever rode over a grass country
That sire once mounted his high-bred hound,
And followed his fox from the hill-side down;
His son—comes down by a special train,
Worries a bag-noon, and home again.

It's half-past twelve by the railway clocks,
And the Earl has called for his horse and his fox,
And behind the Earl there rides a gosam,
And next comes a man with a big bunch bosom,
Wearing Lord Lonsdale's cast-off breeches,
Who will tickle the fox when he comes to the ditches.

The Earl's admirers are ranged in Brown's yard,
They all wear black boots, and intend to ride hard;
Whether wild fox, or timid hare
Be the game to-day, they none of them care.

LYRA VENATICA.

Well was it the Earl had called for his fox,
And brought him from Tring in a little dead box,
For three hours and more they drew for a hare,
And drew in vain— all is blank and despair.
Then cries the Earl to the older Brown,
"Open your box and turn him down!"

They turned him down in the Aylesbury Vale,
In sight of a fence called a post and rail
To suit the views of a certain gent
Who rather liked rails, and who thought he *must*?

Over the fence the first to fly
Was the riding gent, but the fox was shy
And would have declined, but the man with the hounds,
And the huntsman, and whip, and the Earl, and his
groom,
And some boys on foot, and the Browns (Sam and
John),
Wouldn't hear of his funkings, and forced him on;
A pleasant line the fox then took,
Wouldn't have the doubles, snatched the hounds,
As you may imagine, he went by rule—
Only taking the fence he *must* at school.

Two hounds of Baron Rothschild's breed,
Unnumbered for courage, strength and speed,
Close on his flying times came,
And all but won the desperate game;
But just as the Earl prepared to sound

LYRA VENATICA.

The dread 'who-whoop,' he went to ground,
So they dug him out, and the man with a hammer,
And the Browns, and the Gent, and the Earl, and
 his groom,
And the Fox, and the hounds, are at 'Ring again,
And his Lordship returns by the four o'clock train.

N.B.—He kept a fox and used to exercise him over fields or a barn.

Reprinted from Mr. Musset's *Evening Book*, by kind permission of
Mrs. Chaworth Musters.

SHADES OF BERKELEY ARISE.

Savvys of Berkeley arise! and open your eyes
To your very deplorable station,
Shades of sportsmen must stare when hounds bind to
hare,
Won't remember their education.

We farmers in snarks know a hare from a fox,
And larks can distinguish from eagles;
And we think it too bad that Lord Lansdale has just
Hold Reynard run down by his hounds.

How true sport, my friend, comes quite to an end,
And must we degrade the plush 'yellow' ?
Berkeley, rise from thy tomb! forbid it, too, Cossalls,
Hunting foxes with hawks is Hell 'oh !

THE S. H., 1892-94.

True to you of sportsmen, of sportsmen good and true,

They were studying for the Army, but the chase they studied too!

In Sussex it was they studied, beneath those downs so dear,

On which, and in the wood below, to hunt they did not fear:

For the farmers in that country to the buckhounds sportsmen were,

For 'the gentlemen from Sturminster' they'd always keep a hare;

How delighted I am of Abingworth or at Chiltington was Towne,

Whenever they saw us toiling o'er their heavy, holding ploughs.

A Duke* lived in that country, and as such he did behave

To us, for free permission over his farm to run he gave;

True friend he was, and Walkley,^f and several more beside,

There were Hampton^g and old Bristow^h who would always let us ride.

* Mr. Friend Duke, of Greatham.

^j Of Fledes.

† Of Broomer's Hill.

^k Of Upper Charlton.

LYRA VENATICA.

Would you hear of more supporters of our gallant little hunt?

We must not forget the Bridgets,¹ with Jinet always at the front:

The Reverend John, of Weston,² who to us was ever kind:

Colonel Weston of Boudicaster,³ where, too, many hares we'd find.

Yet a few more I must mention, sir, whose farms we used to rove,

Namely, Gouther and the Eversheds,⁴ and Gouther of the Grove!⁵

All these for happy days I bless with all my heart and soul,

And last, not least, don't let's forget, was one called Leonard Hole,⁶

If of Masters of this little pack you now would like to know,

The most truly was a Master, his name was Dick,
I trouth^dth

Two Charlies next I'm thinking of, or shall we call one 'Jack,'⁷

He went to Western Africa, alas! to never come back.

¹ Major Bridget, of Holmbrook, and his family.

² His eldest son, a fine man, and a hunting sportsman.

³ The Revd. John Gouther, of Weston Park, Worthing.

⁴ Close to Worthing.

⁵ Robert and John, of Conygarst and Fontham.

⁶ Michel Grove, of Malthouse Farm.

⁷ Mr. Charles Weston was Major King-Holme R.A. (1815), formerly Master of St. George's-hatch Hounds, Oxfordshire, who is supposed to have become Master of Worthington Hounds, after an unlucky happenings in the Colpe Hunt, and, when A.D. 1851, in bad health before South African War, landed the Cape Hounds.

Mr. Henry Charlton (a worth Master—see note p. 100). He was called 'Lion' by his family, but nicknamed 'Jack' after his four children, so celebrated in the hunting world.

LYRA VENATICA.

A perfect whipper-in was he, and soldier, too, I'm told,
Worthy offspring of Jack Masters, that huntsman
known of old ;
The other* who the symbol of office too did bear,
If you thought that you could tire him, you'd need
stand some wear and tear.

And now I close my feeble muse, I cannot but recall
Those canine friends who helped us, whom I loved
the best of all :
Oh, reader, have you studied hounds? Just look in
every fare,
They've characters as different as all the human race.
Old 'Honesty,' so clever, who loved to eat an apple-
core,
Good 'Ploughboy,' too, and 'Candida,' and yet
fourteen couple more.
These closer then for those good hounds, and the
sport they used to give,
Three for our faithful Rector,† and long may 'The
Captain,' live.

J. S. R.

* Justice H. Ruskin, now Captain and 1st Lt. 12th Hussars.

† The Rev. George Farquhar, of Streatham Rectory, was the celebrated Army Tutor.

‡ Captain Astor, his chief assistant, who took over the establishment about 1860.

MASTERS OF THE STORRINGTON BEAGLES.

1876	H. LITTRELL.
1877	E. MYSON.
	T. HOWE.
1878 and 1879	G. ALCOON.
1880	F. COVINS.
1881	J. R. HOWARD VYSE.
	A. S. REED.
	H. L. WATKIN WILLIAMS WENW.
1882 and 1883	HON. N. R. HILL.
	J. H. MARTIN.
	H. VANCE RUSSELL.
1884 and 1885	W. GOMBER.
	P. RUGGLES.
	C. A. HOWE.
	W. E. MOYSE.
	H. M. GRANVILLE.
	D. W. SITWELL.
	G. HODDERN.
1889 and 1890	P. OAKWOOD.
1890 and 1891	B. D. CORBET.
1891 and 1892	C. H. RANKIN.
1892	R. C. MASTERS.
1892 and 1893	J. S. REEVES.
1893	H. C. C. MASTERS.
1893 and 1894	J. S. REEVES, who was suc- ceeded by R. GRANVILLE.

BULL-RUNNING SONG.

Come, all you bonny boys
Who love to bait the bonny Bull,
Who take delight in noise,
And you shall have your belly full.
On Stamford's Town Bull-running day,
We'll show you such right gallant play,
You never saw the like you'll say,
As you have seen at Stamford.

Earl Warren was the man
That first began this gallant sport,
In the Castle he did stand,
And see the bonny bulls that fought.
The butchers with their bulldogs came,
These sturdy, stubborn bulls to tame,
But more with malice did entame,
Entag'd they ran through Stamford.

Delighted with the sport,
The meadow there he freely gave,
Where these bonny bulls had fought,
The butchers you do hold and have
By charter they are strictly bound,
That every year a bull be found:
Come, dash your face, you drift about,
And stomp away to Stamford.

LYRA VENATICA.

Come, take him by the tail, boys;
Bridge, bridge him if you can;
Prug him with a nail, boys;
Never let him quiet stand;
Through every street and lane in Town,
We'll cheery-chase him up and down.
You sturdy strawards ten miles round,
Come stamp away to Stamford.

Bring with you a prug-slick,
Boldly mount them on his back,
Bring with you a dog, Dick,
Who will also help to bark.
This is the rebels' riot feast,
Humanity must be delaid,
And every man must do his best
To bait the bull in Stamford.

This was formerly the chief song of ballards in the public-houses in Stamford for about six weeks before and after the bull-baiting day. It was a popular tradition of the ballad-singers is—that William Earl Marquis, whilst garrisoning at one of the stations of his castle, saw two bulls in the meadows fighting for the cow, the leaders, on hearing of the fight, came with their dogs to part them which they did, but the bulls being enraged ran into the town where they took women, servants, and children; and the sons of the garrison having rescued the town, Earl Marquis immediately took his horse and rode into the town, and caused the town where the fight was, to be ploughed with the spot that he gave the ground on which the fight took place to the butchers, on condition that there should stand a bull-bait, to be run in the town, on the 1st of November for ever. There is still a place of ground called 'The Bull Meadow'.

THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN.

NORTH & SOUTH.

Out, your angler on Kennet or Itchen,
How he creeps and he crouls on his knees,
How he throws a dry fly a deep ditch in,
Or on high hangs his hook in the trees;
How he stalks a poor trout that is rising,
How he chuckls a fly into his mouth,
Then vaus that his skill is surprising,
For they manage things so in the South

Let him talk of his fine fishing tackle,
Of his casts, and his flies, and all that,
Of his quills and his dins let him crackle,
Let him be a cart-handy round his hat,
The result of his toil, do you ask it?
While he grovels all day on his face,
After all when he overflows his basket,
He must count out his spal by the base

Leave the country of hedgerows and meadows,
Where the yellow marsh marigold grows,
Where the oak and the elm cast their shadows,
Bid adieu to the land of the rose.
Come with me to the land of the thistle,
Where the waters run rugged and fleet;
To the hills where the wild curlews whistle,
Where a man may stand up on his feet.

LYRA VENATICA.

Come with me where the bright sunbeams flicker,
Through larches above on the bine,
Where the streams round the boulder-stones tinker,
And wavelets around me at play.
Throw your line straight across over yonder,
Down, down, let it gradually swing,
To the pool near the rock let it wander,
And you'll hook a trout fit for a king.

There he comes; now just let him and hold him,
Let him run up and down in the pool,
There are no brassy weeds to enfold him,
He's yours if you'll only keep cool.
You have him! Now try for his cousins,
His uncles and aunts, and so forth;
Never fear but you'll catch them by dozens,
That's the way that we fish in the North.

MAJOR CECIL GOON,
93rd Highlanders.

MAIL COACH.

We are losing fast the good old days
Of rattling wheels and gallant grey's;
We are losing fast the biggioned road,
The whistling guard and ringing hand;
The English stage and high-bred teams
Will soon exist but in our dreams;
And whistling mail and startling horn
Never close the night, nor rouse the morn.
Ah, well-a-day! no cracking lash,
No clamping bit, no restless dash;
No 'pull up' at the 'Cross' or 'Crosses,'
Mid all the gyoops of the town.
For time, with deep miasmed brow,
Changes all things but horses, man.

Ezra Cook.

LINES SAID TO BE BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Revered, unfriended, welcome body, show,
A single horseman tires Rotten Row;
In Brooks's sits one quidnunc to peruse
The broad, dull sheet that tells the lack of news,
At White's a lonely Brunnel lifts his glass,
To see two empty harkney-coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Cross-examiner Square;
From shop deserted hastles the 'gentle' dandy,
And seeks—oh, bliss!—the Molly—in *tempus fandi*.
Meantime, the battered pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas, himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng.
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his big laundry and four,
The Peer who made him rich, with dog and gun
Tools over a Scottish moor and braves a scorching sun.

Last free lines—Poet at Brighton three years ago.

AFTER THE BALL—A BUFFA LYRIC.

The very last guest has departed,
The lights have burnt into thin air;
The ballroom is dark and deserted,
And silent again is the square.
The band, worn with playing and blowing,
Are wishing Herr König good-night,
And Gunter's assistants are going,
Assured that their things are "all right."

The page in the study is lying
Asleep; on the dining-room chairs,
The housemaids to shudder are trying,
The butler is tipsy downstairs,
The love-birds who long have been blushing,
Quite scared by the music and light,
With all the canaries are thinking,
At last that it must be the night.

And she—the fair queen of the numbers
Who came to that beautiful ball—
Perhaps thinks now of me, in her slumber,
And perhaps—horrid thought!—not at all,
In nights of such unloved pleasure
Why cannot existence be passed
To spend years in a polka's gay measure,
And die of a post-horn at last?

LYRA VENATICA.

I think I produced an impression,

Because in the course of the night,
Whilst dancing she made a confession
‘She liked to be held rather tight’
And afterwards, grown somewhat bolder,
‘Too flutter’d and breathless to speak,
I felt her fair chin on my shoulder,
And soft, scented hair on my cheek.

When Vere courteously said she was ‘stunning,’

He wanted to be in my shoes,
She gave me a *dear-fare* twice running,
And threw over one of the Blues,
And then she got rid of her brother
So well, when the supper time came,
And said, ‘We will keep by each other,’
And one time our plate was the same!

She told me she loved lobster salad,

And rode in the park every day,
And doted on Prebisch’s last ballad,
And ‘Tennyson’s ‘Queen of the May.’
And pulled cracker bambous and fluted,
And laughed when I made a bad pun,
And when all my wits I exerted,
She said I was ‘capital fun!’

How dreadfully hot! I am trembling
And tossing, and can’t get to sleep,
And over the streets the dull rumbling
Of wheels is beginning to creep.

LYRA VEXATICA.

And all round the room I see whirling
The women and lights, like the wind,
And still I can hear to their twirling,
The 'Elgn,' and 'Bridal,' and 'Lass.'

I wish I could marry ; 'tis shaking,
My income will not carry two ;
Oh, dear ! at my door there's a knocking,
And I have not slept the night thru' !
I must shake off all thoughts so entrancing,
And fog down that bound Whitehall,
And so there's good-bye to romancing
Adieu to the Belle of the Ball !

ALICE SWAN

Keep head and your heart keep high up,
Your hands and your heels keep down,
Your knees keep close to your body's sides,
And your elbows close to your arms.

